

THE TATLER

Summer Number

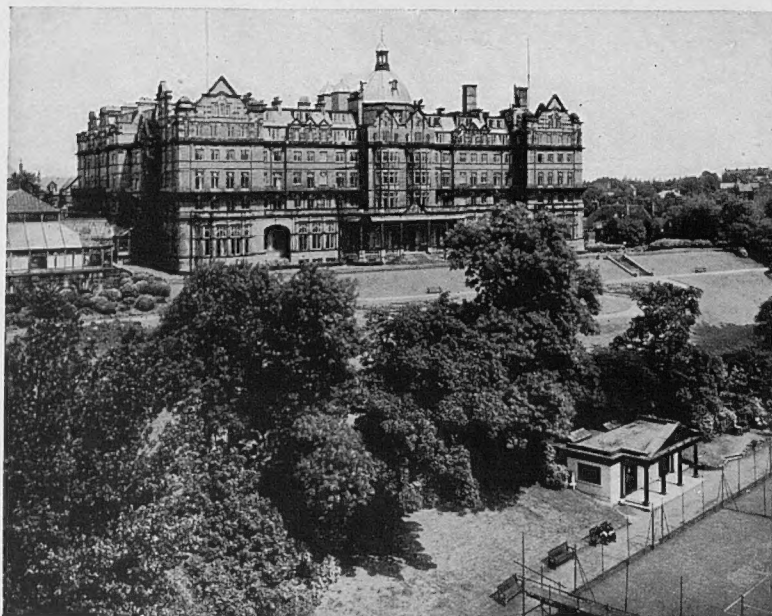
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LONDON • JUNE 12 • 1940

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Yevonde, Berkeley Square

LADY WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE IN NURSE'S UNIFORM

Warwick Hospital is the scene of Lady Willoughby de Broke's nursing activities. She is President of the Warwickshire War Supply Services, and Lady County Officer of the St. John Ambulance Association. Before her marriage in 1933 she was Miss Rachel Wrey, daughter of the late Sir Bouchier Wrey and of Mrs. Godfrey Heseltine. Lord Willoughby de Broke was formerly in the 17/21st Lancers, but is now a Wing Commander in the R.A.F. In peace time his interests are racing and hunting, and he was joint-Master of the Warwickshire Hounds for several seasons



THE HOME FRONT

"The Tatler" in Town and Country

"What e'er men do, or say or think or dream
Our motley paper feizes for its theme."

The "slogan," from Juvenal, which prefaced Sir Richard Steele's original "Tatler" of 1709

Echo from Holland

Mr. "Billy" McCann, the musical son of Sir Charles McCann, South Australia's Agent-General in London, was among those who escaped from Holland with the Vic-Wells ballet. Having flown there from Spain the day before the invasion, Mr. McCann was at a business conference at The Hague when he and his colleagues were thrown in the air by a bomb explosion. Later he was machine-gunned in the streets while endeavouring to send a telegram. Four hours after the German invasion he tried to get into the city's main air raid shelter, only to find it still locked! Like most of the stranded ones he had no sleep for five days and no food for forty-eight hours. He jettisoned his luggage, but managed to wear a dinner jacket and a new suit.

The ballet gave an unheard-of performance of *sang-froid*. Madame de Valois was a superb figure guiding her flock through machine-gun fire, shrapnel and attacks by parachute troops. During the turmoil Commander "Charlie" Cartwright was killed, though in plain clothes and engaged in helping refugees at the docks. Many hunting people and older N.O.s. will miss him.

That brilliant dancer, "Bobby" Helpman, did impersonations during the worst air raids. He was cheered by Dutch and English in a hotel cellar for his cameos from *Miss Hook of Holland*. Meanwhile parties of Guardsmen were calmly executing deeds of valour at strategic points, defending refugees and generally making themselves heroically useful in the prevailing chaos.

The party under Captain Cyril Heber-Percy became divided and only just got back to the destroyer in time, but not before they had disposed of numerous Germans in the act of gunning civilians. A young man of few words, Cyril Heber-Percy was not easily drawn about these experiences but, having remarked that he took his favourite links with him by mistake, and lost them, he warmed up enough to add that accounting for the said Germans was better than fox-hunting. That from a Heber-Percy is the top.



DUCHESS OF KENT AT A FLAG DAY DEPOT

The Duchess of Kent, who never misses an opportunity to help the Red Cross Fund, inspected many of the National Flag Day depots in Kensington on June 5. At Derry & Toms, Mr. A. Trevor Bowen, vice-chairman of the company, stood by with a cheerful smile, while the Duchess shook hands with Miss Gatrell, the Commandant of the Guard of Honour, which was drawn up for the occasion. H.R.H. the Duke of Kent is shortly going to Lisbon to attend the eighth centenary of Portuguese independence.



IN TOWN ONE NIGHT

Lady Irene Haig, seen here with the Duke of Rutland at the Café de Paris, is the youngest daughter of the late Earl Haig, the famous field marshal. Her elder sister is Lady Victoria Scott. The Duke of Rutland, who recently succeeded his father, is twenty-one years old, and is now serving in the Brigade of Guards.

The Situation in Surrey

Guildford is a seething mass, to coin a phrase, and numerous London firms have opened branches or moved shop there; Christobel, Lady Amphill for one. Local ladies hope some smart hatters will follow her example, although they realize that new hats are not strictly necessary, except as a cheerful influence. Guildford wonders whether to emulate a member of a very old Surrey family who, speaking fervently on the National Savings Movement, says "Look at what I am wearing; it's three years old, and I am going to wear it for another three." The feminine reaction to this was "Can it be only three years old?"

In Surrey the Women's Land Army is admirably conducted by Lord Abinger's sister, Mrs. Edmund Bray, who sets an example on her own farm by having her daughter, Margaret, collect pig swill from all the houses neighbouring on Netley Park, her place with a view. Miss Margaret Bray's second name is Ropner, her family being descended from Sir Thomas More. It was decided before she was born that the baby's names should be Thomas More, or Margaret Ropner, after his daughter. I remember the impression Lord Teynham made on the Storting at the Inter-Parliamentary Conference in Oslo last August, when he said that, despite the seeming inevitability of war, he was entitled, as a descendant of Sir Thomas More, to believe in the practicability of Utopia. Lord Teynham, who as "Chris" Roper-Curzon was a shipmate of the King, is back in the Royal Navy.

To be descended from a saint must give one an elevated outlook; Sir Thomas More was, of course, canonized some years ago. The Bray family has many cadets and includes the Lord of the Manor of Shere, "the prettiest village in Surrey." The Jocelyn Brays are marvellously skilled gardeners, with a most attractive house, Newark Mill, at Ripley. Their son, Reynold, seemed destined to become one of England's great explorers when he lost his life in the Canadian Arctic nearly two years ago. A Bray on the distaff side is Miss Helen Lloyd,

(Continued on page 406)

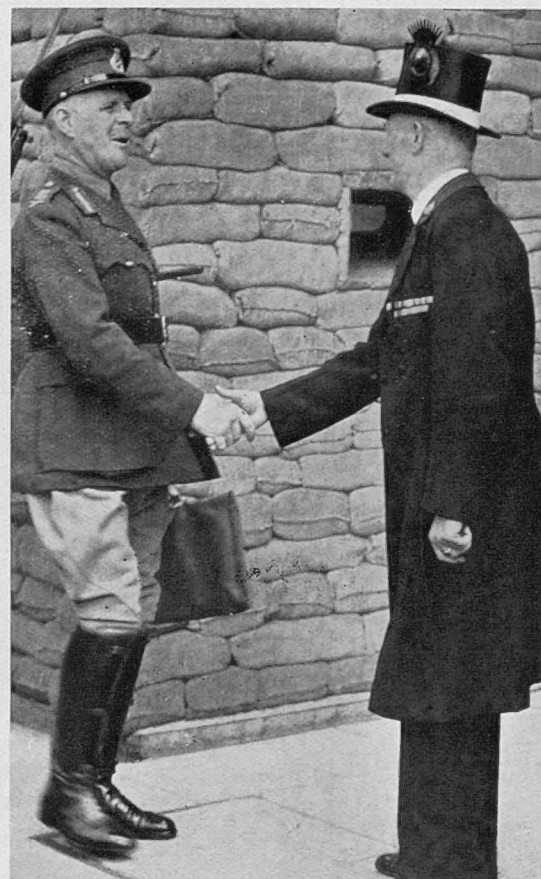
GENTLEMEN—WE SALUTE YOU!



"WELL, IF IT ISN'T..."



...MY OLD FRIEND...



...D'ARCY!"

Lord Gort's first visit on his return from the front was to the War Office, and the first person to shake him by the hand was D'Arcy, the commissioner, one of the Commander-in-Chief's old comrades of that other war which now seems small by comparison. The rearguard action which saved the B.E.F. in Northern France will go down as one of the most gallant events in all military history



LIEUTENANT THE HON. OLIVER STANLEY

The Secretary of State for War in Mr. Chamberlain's Government is now back as a subaltern in the Royal Artillery in which he reached the rank of major in the last war



SECOND LIEUTENANT THE HON. CHARLES VEREKER AND MRS. HULME

Lord Gort's son and heir, also snapped on his return from the front. Mr. Vereker was billeted in Mrs. Hulme's house at Ashton-under-Lyne, and at first she was unaware of his identity

The Home Front—(Cont. from page 404)

W.V.S., Lord Lloyd's energetic and talented cousin. You may have read "March Hare" which she and Mrs. Menzies-Wilson (whose husband manages the steel works at Corby, Northamptonshire) wrote together, all about Elsa Smithers the South African woman pioneer.

The W.V.S. office of the Guildford Rural District is at Milmead House, a pleasant Georgian abode near the River Wey. It used to be the home of Mrs. Simpson, whose daughter, Mrs. St. Loe Strachey, is collecting data for a book on evacuation. This hive of well-directed energies is inhabited by Miss Lloyd; Mrs. "Mike" Reader who is Sir Geoffrey Palmer's sister and an expert on knitted comforts; Mrs. Sarah Pakenham who, in peace, follows the West Surrey and Horsell Beagles, and Mrs. "Dick" Liddell who was sighted at a Sandhurst function with Margot Crofton-Atkins whose husband passed out of the R.M.C. and got a commission in the Sherwood Foresters, which his uncle commanded at one time. All these admirable workers were inspected by Lady Northampton from W.V.S. H.Q. the other day. That she asked sensible questions in a charming way, does not surprise me after watching her technique at the opening of Reading's All-Services Canteen. Lady Northampton looked well in the uniform, but admitted it was the first time she had worn it! The Guildford group refuse to wear uniform because they think it a waste of money, and their boss believes that a woman in uniform is at a disadvantage when dealing with personal problems across the counter, so to speak.

In the Hibernian Buttery

A replica of the Berkeley Buttery is now the favourite haunt of citizens who

are still making merry in Dublin. People who usually go in before racing include Countess Taaffe and her husband, a descendant of Chancellor Taaffe of Mayerling fame. They were fortunate to sell his castle in Czechoslovakia and move to Ireland shortly before the German foul. Other regulars include "Ash" Horsburgh-Porter and his wife. A successful photographer, he is Dublin's Cecil Beaton and a nephew of Lord Ashbourne. My Irish agent also saw the Erskine-Childers. He is said to be one of the cleverest members of the Dail. His father was an Irish patriot who wrote that best-seller of a past generation—"The Riddle of the Sands." Miss "Biddy"

Campbell was having a drink with Miss Brenda McDermott, sister of the popular Ingrid and niece of the Senator. Others were Barty Leahy, a son of the late "Dan" Leahy, known to the racing fraternity both sides of the Irish Channel; Count McCormack's son, Cyril; Major and Mrs. Sharpe, and among *artistes* Sheelah Richards, the Abbey actress, whose husband, Denis Johnson, writes admirable plays which are perhaps better known in the U.S.A. than the U.K. Mrs. Johnson's talent has been inherited by her niece, Geraldine Fitzgerald, who conquered Hollywood easily, and is married to Edward Lindsay-Hogg. His brother, Sir Anthony, has got into the R.A.F. to his unbounded delight. Like so many horsemen, he is an accomplished pilot.

It has often been remarked that horsemen and skiers make the best pilots. They have a certain touch and balance. Several fine skiers have already given their lives for our safety, including Roger Bushell who used to ski for Oxford, and became a much-admired, brawny figure in St. Moritz, where his prowess and gaiety were renowned. With characteristic aplomb he once carried off a difficult speech at the dinner after the Anglo-Swiss Universities race, on which occasion Frances Day was the toast of the night. In working hours "The Bush" was beginning to do well as a barrister. His manner in court was vigorously hurly-burly, the antithesis of giggling. Men and women liked him. To his skier contemporary, Billy Clyde, congratulations on behalf of the winter sports fraternity, on his D.F.C., awarded for leading his flight in France with great skill, and for setting a high standard of morale and leadership. Mrs. Clyde was Rosemary Robertson, daughter of the late Frank Robertson, an immensely popular officer in the Black Watch.

(Continued on page 441)



MR. ARTHUR GREENWOOD'S SON'S WEDDING

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. H. Greenwood and the bridegroom's distinguished father, the Rt. Hon. Arthur Greenwood, after the ceremony at Caxton Hall. The bride was formerly Mrs. Goetz. Mr. Arthur Greenwood, the Labour Member for Wakefield since 1932, is a member of the War Cabinet without portfolio which, however, does not mean less work



AT ETON ON THE FOURTH: LADY TRENCHARD, HER SON, AND A FRIEND

The Hon. Hugh Trenchard seen in the picture is the elder of Lord and Lady Trenchard's two sons. Lady Trenchard is Chief Commandant of the City of London A.T.S. The fourth of June celebrations were necessarily in rather a minor key



ALSO: MRS. FARQUHAR AND SON, AND GENERAL CARTON DE WIART

The fourth of June happened in jolly boating weather all right, but there were no boats, and naturally no fireworks! General Carton de Wiart is not long back from that very arduous Norwegian campaign



AND SIR LOUIS AND LADY GREIG AND THEIR SON

Sir Louis Greig is in the uniform of the R.A.F., in which he is a wing commander. Speeches were as usual, and there were cricket matches on Agar's Plough and on Upper Club, but not much else for there happens to be a war on!

WAR WORK IN TOWN AND IN THE COUNTRY



MRS. JOHN DEWAR PLAYING BACKGAMMON WITH WOUNDED OFFICERS

At one of the many country houses which has been lent to the Red Cross and St. John organization as a 'convalescent home for officers' Mrs. John Dewar is seen concentrating on a game of backgammon with one of the patients. She is honorary vice-president of the Sussex British Red Cross. She and her husband, "Lucky" Dewar, who owned Cameronian, the Derby winner of 1931, are to be seen at most of the important race meetings



(Above) LADY ALEXANDRA HAIG AND MISS CONSTANTIA RUMBOLD

(At bottom) MRS. SIMON WHITBREAD, PRINCESS IRMA WEIKERSCHEIM, PRINCESS CROY AND MISS MARGARETTA SCOTT

Sunshine and smiles, together with much real hard work, assured the success of the National Flag Day for the Red Cross. Lady Alexandra Haig is the eldest sister of the present Lord Haig, and Miss Constantia Rumbold the daughter of that distinguished diplomat, Sir Horace Rumbold. Princess Irma Weikersheim (formerly Windischgrätz) was married in Vienna a few years ago, she and her husband having made their home in England ever since. Miss Margaretta Scott, whose father is now a padre in the army, took the part of the principal boy in Pamela Frankau's pantomime *Who's Taking Liberty?* early this year



SELLERS IN A SANDBAG SETTING

Outside a depot in Park Lane Miss Susan du Boulay, with her mother, Lady Elles, who was recently married to General Sir Hugh Elles, and her sister, Mrs. Iain Murray, selling a flag to Miss Ghislaine Dresselhuys whose mother, Lady Kemsley, is doing great work as Chairman of the *Daily Sketch* War Relief Fund



"A MIRACLE OF DELIVERANCE": The B.E.F. Comes Home



"A miracle of deliverance achieved by valour, by perseverance, by perfect discipline, by dauntless service, by resource, by skill, by unconquerable fidelity, is manifest to us all. The enemy was hurled back by the retreating British and French troops. He was so roughly handled that he did not harry their departure seriously." (Mr. Winston Churchill, June 5)



"On this side the power of improvisation has been no less remarkable. More than a word of admiration is due, not only to the staff work which has directed the miracle, but to the untiring civilian volunteers who have victualled and the railways which have transported the troops—especially the Southern Railway, which has conjured up at short notice a smooth and seemingly endless succession of trains." (*The Times*, June 3)



"These men have marched hundreds of miles. They have fought countless actions with an enemy that hemmed them in and pressed upon them from three sides. The German High Command proudly announced that they were surrounded. They have fought their way out. How have they achieved the seemingly impossible? Man for man, the British troops have proved themselves superior to the Germans wherever they have met them." (Mr. Anthony Eden, June 2)



“Two hundred and twenty light warships and 650 other vessels were engaged. They had to operate upon a difficult coast, often in adverse weather, under an almost ceaseless hail of bombs and an increasing concentration of artillery fire. Nor were the seas, as I have said, themselves free from mine and torpedo. It was in conditions such as these that our men carried on with little or no rest for days and nights on end, making trip after trip across the dangerous waters, bringing with them, always, men whom they had rescued. The numbers they have brought back are the measure of their devotion and their courage.” (Mr. Churchill)

RACING RAGOUT BY "REGULAR"

I CAN remember few better days' racing at Hurst Park than that on which the Derby Trial Plate was run, but very few people turned up and the excellent sport played a secondary part in the minds of all of us. Instead of asking one another what would win, the question which was on every one's lips was: "Have you heard if so and so's got out?" After the first race the Mem remarked to me, "I don't believe Celia's here," mentioning our most regular lady regular, a woman who was prepared to bicycle to Thirsk and back to see a horse in which she had an interest, run in a "seller." "You don't think anything's happened to Rupert." To our intense relief we ascertained a few minutes later that Rupert was "out," and that she had gone to meet him. Rumours of the worst, concerning so many of our friends were rife and, unfortunately, in several cases they proved to have been only too well founded. For those of us who have not yet experienced the horror of modern warfare it is only when one hears of the death of a personal friend that the pity and the wastage of it all is brought home to one. Young "Kim" Muir was the first prominent racing man to be killed in action. A charming young man well endowed with this world's goods; he had, moreover, the capacity for appreciating his good fortune, and I think he enjoyed every moment of his short life. He lived for horses and racing and his enthusiasm was shared by his sister Jill who had taken over the training of their horses while Kim was at the war. Although he was very tall, Kim had made himself into a very efficient amateur rider and he rode two first-rate races when winning on horses owned and trained by himself at the Grand Military Meeting of 1939.

People are continuing to buttonhole me and say they think it's a scandal that racing should continue in view of the gravity of the situation, as if I had anything to do with it anyway. My answer is always the same. "In the circumstances I think the Government are perfectly right in permitting racing, always provided that it doesn't interfere with our war effort, as if racing were stopped it would only mean that another thousand or two people would be on the dole. I do agree, however, that it is a scandal that this state of affairs should exist. Surely after eight months of war the Government should be able to provide work of national importance for every one, but we know to our cost, that they can't. When the Government can absorb fifty per cent of those who now earn their livelihood out of racing, then I agree it ought to be stopped."

So the Derby and Oaks are to be run after all, and I can only presume that the Government have satisfied themselves beyond any shadow of doubt that the transport to and from Newmarket of the vast number of people who will want to see today's great race will not delay the arrival at his destination of one soldier by one minute, or slow down our munitions production by one bullet. If they had any doubt on the subject they should have abandoned the meeting.

The Hurst Park Trial Plate proved to us two facts of which we were fully cognisant before—what a good game little colt is Tant Mieux, and what a grand trainer is Fred Darling; it also reminded us what a much better three-year-old than Tant Mieux is Djebel, and what a certainty he would have been if some means could have been found to transport him from Chantilly. Tant Mieux's limitations were exposed by Djebel as a two-year-old in the Middle Park Stakes and in identically the same fashion a few weeks ago in the Guineas. I have seen scores of better horses than Tant Mieux but never one with a bigger heart. He has had some hard races, but he still revels in a struggle, and immediately Gordon asks him to go on and win his race he gives everything that's in him; small wonder the champion is very fond of him. A lot of people thought that Hippius would reverse Guineas running with him over the extended distance at Hurst Park, but Gordon waited with him, and when he issued his challenge in the last furlong, the race was over in a few strides. The manner in which Fred Darling had Tant Mieux sufficiently forward to win the Greenham Stakes under a big weight, and still go on improving the little fellow, for I am sure he is a better horse than ever today, constitutes one of the finest training feats in the career of the greatest trainer of modern times. I have all along thought that Paques would prove the best of Fred's formidable trio, but after watching the Hurst Park race I am now of opinion

that his best will be Tant Mieux, but that doesn't mean that I think that he'll win. I didn't envy Gordon having to make his choice because there can't be a lot between them, and he admitted to me that it had fairly got him scratching that wise, dark head of his. Even now at the time of going to press nothing is known for certain.



ON DERBY TRIAL PLATE DAY
AT HURST PARK

Miss Diana Barnato representing beauty and Mr. Brian Rootes bravery on the day the Maharajah of Kolhapur's Tant Mieux won the Derby Trial Plate practically as he liked. This colt is much favoured by many people for today's big race at Newmarket. A picture of the Derby favourite is below



LORD DERBY'S LIGHTHOUSE II—
THE DERBY FAVOURITE

Pretty nearly every one hopes that this well-named colt by Pharos out of Pyramid is going to give Lord Derby his third Derby winner, for he is a hot favourite. The new Derby and the Oaks are being run at Newmarket instead of at Newbury. The favourite is to be ridden by R. Perryman. Lord Derby's two peace-time Derby winners were Sansovino, 1924, and Hyperion, 1933

I have already said all there is to say about Lighthouse II in this column, but while I have the greatest respect for his chance, and wouldn't dream of trying to deter any one who intends backing him, he strikes me as being at a somewhat false price and a better bet may be Stardust (each way). This bet looks almost gilt edged, and those of you who think he may be too small for the job in hand may be interested to know that Frank Butters tells me that he is almost an inch taller than was the great little Colorado when the latter retired to the stud as a four-year-old. I understand that Stardust has done extremely well in his preparation, and it is satisfying to note that Frank Butters's horses are running into form. Although he may not win I cannot visualize Stardust being kept out of the first three. My attempt to anticipate the judge's decision is (1) Stardust, (2) Tant Mieux, (3) Lighthouse II. Godiva won the Oaks Trial Plate like the good little filly we already know her to be, at the surprisingly generous odds of seven to four, on considering that she had the best part of ten lengths in hand of almost everything opposed to her. She won hard, held by three lengths, and I once again had cause to note the quiet confident way in which young Marks handled her. I can't understand why owners don't patronize this boy more. The Oaks looks a certainty for Godiva.

Q.G.



PERSONALITIES CONCERNED IN THE CLASSICS OF 1940

Prominent characters who may be concerned in the next two classics, the Derby to-day and Oaks, June 12 and 13, if the powers that be consider it desirable that they should be run, just to show that we are not perturbed—the one big reason why they should be. The venue was changed from Newbury to Newmarket. Lord Derby's "Lighthouse II," winner of the Newmarket Stakes and unplaced to "Djebel" in the Guineas, is the obvious choice for the Derby. M. Boussac's "Djebel" does not run because he is more or less marooned in his own land. It is a pity he went back after what we saw him do to the Guineas field. Sir Humphrey de Trafford's colt, "Golden Tiger," is ticketed "improving." "Paques," owned by Mr. "Manna" Morris (his son is in this gallery), is one of Fred Darling's fleet and is fancied by many. Lord Rosebery's "Hippius" is a nice colt, and let us hope is another "Blue Peter"! "King of Trumps II." is owned by the famous Parisian theatre proprietor, M. Leon Volterra, and has a goodish record in his own land. However, whether we pay our money or do not, we can take our choice!

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING

A Great Gentlewoman

HOW difficult it is to put into words the inner tragedy which is this war for people of my age, or, at least, of my temperament. Sometimes I have tried vainly to explain my feelings, but always my explanation has been inadequate. I have been called a pessimist; I have been called a "defeatist"; and yet I am neither the one nor the other. Only I know that something fundamentally beautiful in my

inner life has snapped, or, at least, is suspended over a void and I cannot gather the broken ends together nor fill that void. I realise now that if I seek to express my sadness I am speaking in a "foreign" language to people who don't even understand its simplest sentences. Life has become infinitely lonelier, because that peace and beauty which used to make existence endurable, even among those who did not speak one's language, has been asphyxiated and the lovely memory of it has become far distant; still shining, but nevertheless remote as a star. Or, to put it in another way: the one-beloved, who made life joyous, hopeful, worth living, worth remembering, worth looking forward to, lies between life and death, and although one goes on one's way, working, perhaps, harder than ever, one does so mechanically, dutifully, but without much heart, without much inspiration; secretly wondering all the time if, having had so many lovely castles in the air shattered, it matters very much if one tries desperately to rebuild any one of them? So that, for instance, this lovely, lovely world, in all the glory of its spring raiment, stabs us as we are stabbed by the pathos of a souvenir of one around whom one's life centred and who is now no more. Well, this war has made life lonelier for many people—lonelier in the spiritual sense, I mean; but, even so, they are not alone. A correspondent wrote to me the other day, and her letter seemed to me to express something of that desperation with which so many of us cling on to the fundamentals of happiness and beauty which war may stun, but cannot quite extinguish. An extract of this runs thus: "This afternoon I am sitting in a garden absorbing all I can of the beauty and peace around me. The flowers and the sunshine, fields and trees and birds and all the lovely sounds of the country in summer, bring a much-needed soothing and calm to the spirit; and one gets nearer to God and the true essence of things that are apt to get so far away in

the fear and bewilderment which the evil of war creates. . . . And yet to-day, when I am alone with nature, I feel that the things of the spirit, 'the peaceful, lovely things,' must win through. They matter more than any material things, and their power is so great that Dictators cannot understand, nor for long crush them. And it seems to me that it is just there that we older people can do so much, more than we can ever know, by holding on, in a tottering world, to a knowledge and faith in what is good and beautiful."

Well, I suppose we can, and I suppose we must. Yet, there come moments when the spirit seems to be floundering in mud. Daily, I myself meet boys of eighteen and twenty who have just begun, though they do not realise it, thank God! to make that slow and tortured climb towards that outwardly cheerful resignation which it is to be blind. And sometimes when we are laughing together and leg-pulling, the realisation stabs me as if there were no sense, or reason, or pity in existence, and that beauty, and human dignity, and simple joys and pleasures and simple hopes were just the creation of a divine poet to tantalise eternally trusting fools. The only subjugation of this thought, albeit temporary, being deliberately to thrust one's mind towards the existence of the beauty of Nature which still remains, towards the happiness which once was, towards the goodness and kindness and sympathy of one bewildered individual towards another which still exist, though all their antitheses seek to crush them—for what purpose no logical mind has yet conceived! Yet there they are—the spiritual triumph of Human Nature over Men. So, when this war is over, let there be no pity for the pitiless. The only way to overcome a pitiless villainy is to pay it back in its own cowardly coin—yes, a vital streak in human nature is just as low as that. It thrives and grows strong on an ill-advised false idea of "Christian" forgiveness.

But let us "forget," for the moment, about the war and all it means and all the havoc of its tragedy in the lives of those who sought no conflict—which is the lives of most of us. There remains so much that is beautiful in the present—beauty that is actual, beauty that is memory, restfulness that belongs to the Past. The Past may have had its uglier side, but just because it was more unsophisticated, more peaceful, it has a lesson to teach us—since human happiness, which is the sole foundation of human civilisation, lies in a simpler attitude towards life and its spiritual significance. Perhaps Mr. Simon Dewes' delightful biography of his ancestor, "Mrs. Delany" (Rich and Cowan; 15s.), may not mean very much as a social pattern upon which to re-model a new and better world, but it undoubtedly gives us a lovely picture of what a Great

(Continued on page 414)



Fred Daniels

FAMOUS GREEK ACTRESS IN "GHOSTS"

Mme. Katina Paxinou gave a strong and wonderfully restrained performance in the part of Mrs. Alving in Ibsen's *Ghosts*, playing in English for the first time, though she is already famous in the part in Greek, French and German. She made a great impression on London audiences last year when acting at His Majesty's Theatre in *Electra*, and as the Queen in *Hamlet* with the Greek Theatre Royal Company. Mme. Paxinou is a great linguist and speaks six languages. She was originally trained as a singer, winning the first prize and gold medal at the Geneva Conservatoire



AT THE IBSEN FIRST NIGHT

Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Cochran with Mr. James Agate (centre) at the first night of C. B.'s production of Ibsen's *Ghosts*, at the Duchess Theatre, in which Katina Paxinou, the famous Greek actress, played the part of Mrs. Alving. Mr. Agate, so well known as a dramatic critic, is equally well known as the film critic of *The Tatler*



OFFICER CADET AND MRS. HUGH RENWICK

Leaving St. Columba's, Pont Street, the bride, the former Miss Laura Clark, daughter of Sir Thomas and Lady Clark, who live in Edinburgh. Mr. Renwick also comes from Midlothian, as he is the son of Mr. and Mrs. W. Barr Renwick, of Millburn Tower



2ND LIEUTENANT AND MRS. ROBERT PRYOR

Chelsea Old Church was the scene of the wedding of 2nd Lieut. Robert Matthew Pryor to Miss Barbara H. Robertson, the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Manning Robertson, of Huntington Castle, Co. Carlow, Ireland. The bridegroom is the son of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. W. M. Pryor

LAST WEEK'S WEDDINGS IN TOWN AND COUNTRY



THE WARD—CAPEL WEDDING IN GLOUCESTERSHIRE

The place was Old Sodbury Church, in that famous vale in the Beaufort country. Names: (l. to r.) the Hon. George Ward, bridegroom, brother of the Earl of Dudley; the bride, the former Miss Anne Capel, Lady Westmorland's daughter, Miss June Capel, the bride's sister; the Hon. Edward Ward, best man and the bridegroom's twin; and (in front) Lady Rose Fane, Lord and Lady Westmorland's only daughter



A NORFOLKSHIRE WEDDING

Mr. and Mrs. Julian Cory-Wright, he being in the Hertfordshire Yeomanry, leaving Cougham Church, King's Lynn. The bride was Miss Susan Elwes, elder daughter of Mr. Robert Elwes and the late Mrs. Elwes. Her brother, Mr. R. P. H. Elwes, was married in April. The bridegroom is the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Cory-Wright

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

Gentlewoman should be, if only in the purely social sense. Mrs. Delany lived in that era when the wrongs of human injustice might comfortably be left to God. There were the Poor and there were the Rich; there was the aristocracy and there were the plebeians, and the Bible seemed to accept this arrangement—so all was well. The only divine demand being that within each one's sphere conduct should be honest, dignified and of good report. It seemed to work much better than the present-day Communist asserts, but undoubtedly it had its gross evils, its grosser injustices, its exaggerated rewards. These, however, did not touch the charming Mrs. Delany. She lived out her life according to the times in which she lived, and she added lustre to that philosophy. Apart from the interesting picture of eighteenth-century social England which the biography paints, it is delightful as a character-study, culled from letters and memoirs, of one who must have been a very charming woman and a quite enchanting old lady. Mrs. Delany was, however, one of those rare women who are essentially a woman's woman—whom, nevertheless, some men love.

Perhaps she had an instinctive aversion to men, as sex. Small wonder, perhaps. As a girl in her teens, the daughter of poor but highly aristocratic parents, whose fortunes rose and fell through their Jacobean sympathies and the success or failure of their cause, she was persuaded into marrying a gross, drunken, yet well-meaning man, old enough to be her grandfather. She did her duty towards him, but obviously she inwardly loathed it. Moreover, instead of leaving her a wealthy widow, as her family had hoped when they arranged the match, Mr. Pendarves died a comparatively poor man, what with drinking and gambling and other excesses. Happily, his charming widow belonged to those in whose nature there is a "knack"—for "knack" indeed it is, as all those who try without it soon discover—of being somehow able to live at the rate of a thousand-a-year with an income of a mere five hundred. Of course, there are debts, but they seem to get paid eventually and, in the meanwhile, both debtor and creditor appear to bear each other no ill-will. Poorish she might be, but Mrs. Pendarves wasn't going to let that interfere with either her liberty or her philosophy of living her life according to that Pure Reason which was so popular at the end of the eighteenth century. She belonged, of course, to one of the older aristocracies of England, but nevertheless she was a great social success for herself alone. Moreover, she enjoyed widowhood and the opportunity it gave her, even on a small income, to cultivate the intellectual society of men while, at the same time, hinting at more intimate possibilities. She must have been a much

more intelligent listener than a brilliant talker; consequently she appealed to women as well as to men. She could enter joyously into the lives and thoughts of others, than which there is no more enduring domestic blessing—if you haven't financially to support the blessing at the same time.



TO MARRY IN SINGAPORE

Miss Barbara Whittingham-Jones, daughter of the Rev. E. E. and Mrs. Whittingham-Jones, and a well-known figure in Liverpool public life, is engaged to Mr. Henry Rolf Oppenheim, of Ipoh, F.M.S., and will be married in Singapore shortly. Miss Whittingham-Jones has been an Assistant Section Officer in the W.A.A.F. since April 1939, and expects to continue in the Service in Singapore after her marriage.



COMFORTS FOR EUROPE

In a variety of ways United States help and sympathy for the Allies is steadily growing, and the women of America have been especially quick to supply comforts for refugees from war-torn areas. This picture shows wives of Allied representatives in Washington inspecting garments made by Red Cross volunteers. They are (l. to r.) Mme. Charles Lucet, wife of the French Third Secretary; Mrs. L. C. A. St. J. Curzon-Howe, wife of the British Naval Attaché; Mrs. Dwight F. Davis, of the Red Cross; Countess van der Straten, wife of the Belgian Ambassador; Mrs. Neville Butler, wife of the British Counsellor; and Mrs. Alexander Loudon, wife of the Netherlands Minister

True, this biography shows that her historical friendship with Swift was rather a romantic "afterthought" when he was dead than a lovely reality when he was alive, but undoubtedly the great Dean loved her company, seeking her correspondence when she was away more eagerly than she ever complied with his wishes.

Anyway, the friendship between them cast a post-mortem glamour over her personality. Why, at long last, she married Dr. Delany, against all her family's prejudices, remains something of a mystery—except that she had reached the time of life when a woman needs a human centre around which to fashion her days. It was, however, a marriage of long friendship, so it was a great success, without being at any moment transcendental. They lived in Ireland, where her social influences had procured for her husband a Deanery, and spent twice as much money as was ever theirs in making their habitation beautiful. However, Mrs. Delany's heart was really in social London, whereas the Dean's, with his excellent intentions towards his needy and neglected parishioners, was quite happy in any circumstances, anywhere where there was good food and intelligent company. So, after some years, they drifted back to London and Mrs. Delany once more resumed her position as a great social figure. Then the Dean died, regretted but not particularly lamented, and Mrs. Delany's life went on as before; except that by now she had begun to work upon those exquisite flower-pictures which anyone can still see, faded but beautiful, who cares to visit the British Museum. Mrs. Delany, however, was a greater success as a friend than as a lover. A woman who could attract in her more youthful days such diverse figures as John Wesley, Dean Swift, and the kindly, but somewhat pompous Dr. Delany, must necessarily have been a woman of lovable parts. Her friendships were, indeed, her life. At the end, they complicated it unhappily. When King George and Queen Caroline "discovered" her and in their kindness

insisted that she should occupy apartments close to Windsor Castle, her older friends found it rather difficult to keep her to themselves—with Royalty "popping" in at any moment. But there was, however, always Fanny Burney—not quite Mrs. Delany's class, but so good and kind and lively as to make her forget the difference. She died at the age of over eighty in the arms of Fanny and of her beloved great-niece, the gentle Georgina. Just before the end she whispered, "And now, I'll go to sleep." So passed a great aristocrat, in the truer meaning of aristocracy, and a charming gentlewoman—narrow in the rougher human experiences, but expert in the more refined and charming human dignities. Mr. Dewes has written a most delightfully readable book—especially for lovers of the eighteenth century, of whom I am one, and Mrs. Delany was one of its most adorable figures.



"THE VICAR OF WESTERN EUROPE"—BY WING-COMMANDER E. G. OAKLEY-BEUTTLER

"The Vicar's" full name in private life, as may be said, is Air Marshal Sir Frederick William Bowhill, and he is the chief of the R.A.F. Coastal Command. He calls his domain "My parish," and behind his back his Command call him "Ginger." Above is depicted a moment when one of "The Vicar's" parishioners has brought back a particularly nasty specimen of vermin alive. "Ginger," so his fierce falcons say, is that particular about convincing evidence of their exploits that they believe he may soon expect them to reach out of their 'planes and grab the Hun periscopes as proof! The Command extends from 1000 miles west in the Atlantic to Heligoland Bight and Sylt and also from "Gib." to the Arctic. Some "Parish"!

PARIS EN GARDE

By PRISCILLA

TRÈS CHER—It is difficult to keep track of all that happens during these quick-moving times and unwise to make any comment on the general outlook. When I glance back upon the past week a blurred sequence of grim, grey pictures flickers across the silver screen of my memory. Paris, empty of *les autobus*, but with its usual throng of private cars, seems almost unchanged. Most of the theatres are closed for want of personnel, but the cinemas carry on and the terraces of the cafés are crowded. People go about their business with calm deliberation, aghast and horrified by certain wild rumours, but utterly confident in the future and determined to uncomplainingly accept whatever the passing moment may bring forth during the nerve-racking hours of waiting.

ENDLESS streams of women arrive at the Red Cross centres, bringing piles of linen, hampers of food, clothes and blankets. Elderly men, broken-hearted because they are past the age for active service, offer their cars to help with the evacuation of the railway termini, where the refugees wait to be moved on elsewhere. Nice little sixteen-year-olds, who have just obtained their driving licence, are well to the fore also, but have to be politely discouraged and set at other jobs: only experienced drivers are needed at such times. All the horrors that we saw in 1914 and that we trustingly, foolishly imagined we would never see again, are upon us . . . but will soon be set right.

Under the dim blue lights at night the refugees are packed in the waiting-rooms, *foyers* and canteens, where they stare, with fixed, red-rimmed eyes that seem blind, into space. The slam of a heavy door, the crash of a large piece of falling luggage rouses them occasionally, and their panic-stricken start is eloquent of the agony they have passed through during the last few days. But they are so tired and soul-sick that it is easy to quiet and reassure them. The old people crouch, broken and exhausted, on their poor bundles that bulge with the strangely selected treasures they have salvaged from their menaced or ruined homes, while their grandchildren, who have already forgotten the terrors they have lived through, play around as light-heartedly as if they were safely in their own villages. The greatest cataclysm is a picnic to the tinies so long as they are unhurt.

BUT so many have been hurt. We have carried so many maimed little bodies from their temporary dressing-station cots to the ambulance stretchers. We have told so many wailing children that "Mother will soon be found." Gaining time is the greatest help when dealing with children—and often with grown-ups, too. Our duties have been so varied. We have been working at the railway stations, at the civil dressing-stations, and,

further afield, for the military hospitals.

The Red Cross is always a favourite bull's-eye for the German aviator. At a certain military hospital on one of the north-eastern roads, where we arrived, seven cars strong, we were started on the homeward journey with our precious freight at five-minute intervals, which was safer, but damn lonely. The *toubib*-major was eager to get us off before 4 p.m., that hour having been proved, for several days running, to be a favourite one for bombardment in that part of the world.

As luck would have it, I happened to be driving the last car, and I admit to having sweated off a cuppla pounds during the trip. I can hide my collywobbles, thank the stars, but I can't quite quell them. We had to stop for petrol at one village where the local *tabac* was immediately sold out. The inhabitants literally poured packets of *caporal* and tobacco into the ambulance. It was a broiling day and we had the windows open.

What else do I remember? The grey pictures have ceased to flick. Two days running of duty at the Gare du Nord (this will be at least three weeks old by the time it reaches you!), from 3 a.m. to 3 p.m., will addle the best brain, and mine is only fair, middlin' to average.

HERE are some scrawled notes from a little red pocket-diary. Fetched three new ambulance cars from ——— works. Air-raid warning makes helluva noise in the big, glass-roofed factory. Carried on while the workmen, obeying orders, went to earth. Stared up at the blue-stained glass and hoped for the best. Nice, empty streets to drive through. Plenty of people on their doorsteps waving cheerily. How Parisians do love disobeying rules-an'-regulations, to-be-shaw.

Evacuated three men from military hospital at X——, south-east of Paris, to somewhere in the north-west district. In one ward a very sick little Jerry was amazed to see his neighbour, an Alsatian, writing a letter. "We are not allowed to write home," said Jerry! (Heil, Hitler?) Transported four slightly wounded German aviators (under guard) from H.Q. to hospital. Hang-dog-looking devils. Query: were they, by any chance, ashamed of themselves? Disinfected ambulance thoroughly.

A young French lad with a jaw wound that must have hurt like blazes and who could not speak, signed that he wanted to write a message after we had settled him into the ambulance. We gave him pad and pencil and stood by to do whatever he



GENERAL BLANCHARD

The gallant French General who commanded the Allied Armies in Northern France during the epic retreat to the coast. With the G.O.C. our own Army, the French General has earned a place amongst the best leaders of troops in the history of war. General Blanchard was marked out for distinction even before this war. He has now been awarded the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour

wanted if humanly possible. But . . . "Merci, Mesdames. Vous êtes bonnes," was what he wrote, bless him. That sort of thing makes one go all mushy inside.

A morning off-duty. Took dog for walk in Luxembourg Gardens. The irises are marvellous and the lawns so green. There are still lovers mooning under the trees, but they are very young or else eternal optimists, thank God, well past middle age. PRISCILLA.



AND SOME OF HIS UNBEATABLE TROOPS

Some of Blanchard's men with their thumbs in the appropriate position. All of them wounded, but, like our own, imbued with only one wish—to get busy on the next round of the scrap. The picture was taken on their arrival at a hospital in England

AN OXFORD CATHEDRAL CHRISTENING



LADY VIOLET POWELL AND HER SON

Lady Violet Powell holding her son, Tristram Roger Dymoke, at his christening, which took place recently at Christ Church Cathedral. Before her marriage to Mr. Anthony Dymoke Powell in 1934 she was Lady Violet Pakenham, third sister of the sixth Earl of Longford. Owing to military duties, Mr. Powell was not able to be present at his son's christening



A GROUP OF GUESTS AT THE CHRISTENING

Miss Clarissa Churchill is seen here with Lord and Lady David Cecil with their son, Jonathan, and Miss Barton on the right. Miss Churchill is a niece of the Prime Minister and a daughter of Mr. J. S. Churchill and Lady Gwendoline Churchill. Lord David Cecil, who is the younger son of the fourth Marquess of Salisbury, holds a Fellowship at Wadham College, Oxford, and his wife is the daughter of Mr. Desmond MacCarthy, the distinguished author



LEAVING THE CATHEDRAL

Mrs. R. F. Harrod, Master Thomas Pakenham, the Hon. Mrs. Frank Pakenham, Lady Mary Clive, and Mr. Michael MacCarthy were among other well-known people at the christening of Mr. Anthony and Lady Violet Powell's son at Oxford. Lady Mary Clive is the eldest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Plymouth. Mrs. Pakenham's husband is a brother of Lord Longford and Lady Violet Powell



IN THE CHRIST CHURCH CLOISTERS

Lady Ann Elliot, with Captain and Mrs. Landon and Lady Joan Colville, who also attended the christening. Lady Ann Elliot and Lady Joan Colville are both sisters of the Earl of Jersey, the owner of that lovely place, Osterley Park, Isleworth

"THE PEACEFUL INN"

AT THE
DUKE OF YORK'S

By ALAN BOTT

THIS YEAR,
LAST YEAR?—
ESMOND KNIGHT,
JOHN LAURIE

HERE, again, is the stitch in time which, borrowing in some degree from the modern mysticism in Mr. J. W. Dunne's time-theories, assumes that the age of miracles has not passed. Prologue: Two men, in the dark of an inn-parlour at night, tensely talking of a betrayed wife: a murder is about to be committed. Play Proper: What happens in the same inn a year later, with the same men in the offing but with stray visitors to complicate the desperate issue. Or is it a year later? And does the Peaceful Inn exist, or is it but a caravanserai between what was and may yet be?

Anyway, the visitors have an odd night of it, and obtain the Further Chance to happiness which did not quite come to the people in *Dear Brutus* and *Time and the Conways*. But then, this has neither the nostalgic charm of the one play, nor the mental honesty of the other. Its mysticism merely brushes a rather woolly surface. The author, however, has fashioned a pleasant little drama with an evident appeal for those who would like to be "changed" otherwise than by yesterday's all-too-Frank Buchman-Groupers.

Why, it is propounded, should these casual tourists in particular discover a mysterious inn, instead of the ruins to which Dartmoor locals have directed them? They are a young husband and wife, on holiday in a last effort to patch things up before

they call it a day; a young woman featured by the picture-papers, who roams the world at large to run away from lack of interest in anything; a young clergyman in mufti, with a personal problem to solve; and the "Write to Joanna Spring" of a daily paper's correspondence columns. They have something in common, and a mild orgy of telling what and why reveals it as loss of faith in themselves. Clearly, the young parson might help; but, no—his problem is the acutest of all, that he has mislaid his faith in the God he chose to serve. Meanwhile, an aura of wonder and suspense has been planted. The day's paper, the week's periodical, the calendar on the wall, all bear the right date—but of the year before. The fishing licence of the grim, lone wolf among the visitors, who tried to make the rest continue their journey while the going was good, is also last year's. One of the stranded tourists returns from the post office with a tale that the inn where they now are doesn't exist, having been burned down, with loss of life to all in it, twelve months ago come to-morrow. And a local heavy mist descends to make impossible their departure from the fourth-dimensional house of call.

Arising from all this I believe that Mr. Denis Logan, the author, could have

TRY, TRY AGAIN:
STEPHEN HAGGARD

developed his play into, if not a *Dear Brutus*, at any rate an *Outward Bound* (for which the times are again ripe). His tensions during the first two acts are firm and most of his characters quite interesting. But the mysticism never goes further than metaphysics and soda, involving stray talk about how, up in the high places, projections on the atmosphere can come and go suddenly. The people concerned do not openly face the idea of death: that big issue disintegrates into neat fragments of patched-up lives. "Would it help you to talk about it?" keeps on cropping up, as a lead to the changes of heart. The journalist, who can't continue to advise her correspondents unless she is sure it helps, proceeds to prove it does help by collaborating with a miracle in persuading the young-marrieds to try, try again. The rich but restless girl, not very persuasively, finds her salvation in spiritual vamping of the parson. When last year's murder has been re-enacted but is not followed by last year's fatal fire, the inn dissolves into a nice, neat *Came the Dawn*.

Nora Swinburne, as the rich girl, yet again brings charm and firm technique to an unrewarding rôle: she must have embellished more cardboard-characters than any other actress of her rank. Mr. Esmond Knight does likewise for, and is no better served by, the gutless clergyman. Miss Louise Hampton, Mr. Stephen Haggard, Mr. John Laurie and Miss Hayley Bell give clear-cut performances of convincing people. And if part of the play is dope, the whole is attractive.

CAN I HELP YOU?—
LOUISE HAMPTONCAME THE DAWN—
NORA SWINBURNE



AT THE PIANO—BINNIE HALE

Photo.: Fred Daniels

Daughter of a musical-comedy star, the late Robert Hale, whose death this year was such a loss to the theatre, and sister of another, Sonnie Hale, Binnie is thoroughly in the family tradition as a top-flight actress and singer. One of her outstanding talents is for mimicry, which she carries off with such success in her current show, *Up and Doing*, at the Saville, that Evelyn Laye, one of her victims, has been devoting part of her first appearance in cabaret to "an imitation of Binnie Hale imitating me." But mimicry is by no means the limit of Binnie's abilities as displayed in *Up and Doing*, where she appears also as (*inter alia*) the châtelaine of a mediæval castle, as a young sailor, as a burlesque fan-dancer and as a Victorian temptress in black and white

THEIR
MAJESTIES
AND
THE TWO
PRINCESSES:
UNCONVEN-
TIONAL
PICTURES AT
ROYAL LODGE,
WINDSOR



ON ONE OF THE TERRACES OF THIS CHARMING ROYAL RESIDENCE



PRINCESS MARGARET AND PRINCESS ELIZABETH—
ALSO A SMALL SLACKER



Photos: Studio Lisa

PRINCESS ELIZABETH OFF FOR THE MORNING RIDE

These pictures of their Majesties and the two little Princesses are of very recent origin and speak of a refreshing peace which is so foreign to the ugly framework of war. Windsor Lodge is the most charming demi-semi-official abode of the members of our Royal House, and is set on the edge of the Great Park which was so much beloved of one Herne the Hunter. It is, anyway, an excellent place for a morning hack, and as both Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret think the same way about riding as their Royal Sire, this fits in very nicely. When Duke of York, his Majesty hunted a good deal, and was best known, perhaps, with the Pytchley; but as was the case with his brothers, Leicestershire also knew him very



THE BACK OF ROYAL LODGE, WINDSOR: THE PRINCESSES AND A CHAIR FOR ONLY ONE



PRINCESS MARGARET IS ALSO KEEN ON EQUITATION

well. In picking four of the best packs in England the Royal Family showed a wise discretion. Her Majesty has never been keen on fox-hunting, but Princess Elizabeth rides really well, and the younger Princess is rated very promising. The Welsh Corgis, some of whom usually manage to get into any picture taken of their mistresses, belong to a most fascinating and companionable breed, and even the laziness of one of them—the reference is to the wheelbarrow incident—is readily forgivable. The Royal Lodge Gardens, as may be realised by everyone who is fond of the “Glory of the Garden,” are looking their absolute best in the heavenly early summer sunshine



A PEACEFUL LITTLE PICTURE OF PRINCESS MARGARET AND A SLEEPY FRIEND

Photos.: Studio Lisa



GENERAL VIEW OF THE HOUSE ON THE GARDEN SIDE: THE MATRON (MISS SHARPE) WITH SOME NURSES AND CHILDREN



THE MAGNIFICENT BALL-ROOM, NOW THE NIGHT NURSERY
(BELOW) HOMEWARD, BOUND AFTER MILKING-TIME: MISS DUGGAN IS O.C. PARTY



TEA ON THE TERRACE—AN IMPORTANT EVENT OF THE DAY

COUNTRY HOMES IN WARTIME

No. 3:
CADBURY COURT,
NEAR
YEOVIL, SOMERSET



MISS MARGARET DUGGAN GIVING DORIS TAYLOR
A MILKING LESSON



AND MOST OF THE MEAL FROM THE HOME FARM



OR AND BILLY FINCH

It was in July last that Sir Archibald and the Hon. Lady Langman first offered beautiful Cadbury Court to the Princess Christian Hammersmith Day Nursery as an evacuation centre for children, and ever since then it has continued to function with much success. Lady Bull, who is Chairman of the Hammersmith nursery, has said that the health of the children has improved tremendously. It would be surprising if it had not done so in such surroundings with much of the provender coming from the home farm upon which Sir Archibald and Lady Langman have a herd of sixty Ayrshires and four Jerseys—some of these good milkers being pictured in these pages. And on top of this there is the fine Somersetshire air and the peaceful and very beautiful surroundings—meat and drink in themselves. Sir Archibald and Lady Langman have done a fine work in their country's cause by the giving of this home to its present excellent uses. Lady Langman, who is Chairman of the Women's Land Army in Somerset, is the only surviving daughter of the first Lord Lyell, who was succeeded by his grandson. Sir Archibald Langman served all through the South African War (despatches and a C.M.G.), has one son serving with a Yeomanry Unit in the present war, and there are two daughters, Miss Mary Langman, the elder, doing good work at Cadbury Court, which, incidentally, was rebuilt on the site of the former house whose date was 1590; and the younger daughter, Miss Nora Langman, is serving in the F.A.N.Y., the First Aid Nursing Yeomanry



THE OPEN-AIR KINDERGARTEN: MISS ALISON SCOTT AND SOME OF HER PUPILS



THE LAND-ARMY OFFICE: LADY LANGMAN (RIGHT) WITH MISS SPENCER (SEC.) AND ASSISTANTS; AND (BELOW) A PICTURE WHICH TELLS ITS OWN STORY





THE COUNTESS OF CARLISLE, A SENIOR COMMANDANT

Yevonde

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER IN THE A.T.S.

The Countess of Carlisle and Lady Carolyn Howard



LADY CAROLYN HOWARD, Co. ASSISTANT

Yevonde

Lady Carlisle, eldest daughter of Lord and Lady Ruthven, joined the A.T.S. in 1938 in the earliest days of its embodiment, and she has now a staff job at Aldershot, where she is acting as liaison officer between A.T.S. groups and the Aldershot Command Staff. Lady Carolyn Howard is Lord and Lady Carlisle's only daughter and, like her mother, is a keen officer of this most useful unit which has had its baptism of fire in the Dunkirk operations. Senior Commandant Corbett, seen in the smaller picture, is the officer who figured in the A.T.S. recruiting poster, blowing a bugle

PICTURES IN THE FIRE

By "SABRETACHE"

FROM the news of the passing hour : King Leopold was yesterday suffering from a complete mental and nervous breakdown. He behaved alternately like a petulant child and a man distraught beyond reason.

Why not put the right label on it ?

BY the light of recent events, even a blind man can see what has happened : a nice little trap baited with a rat and contrived by the rat, Public Enemy No. 1, and his boy friend. That S.O.S. from the ex-Monarch knocks anything done by Judas Iscariot clean through the ropes. He was, of course, merely obeying Adolf's orders. The one thing the Hogs hoped for was that the British and French Armies on the left of the Maginot Line would come out in front of their defence line ; and they did most chivalrously, with the consequences of which we are aware. The most nauseating feature of the whole shooting-match is the fusillade of mock heroics to which we have been treated. I suggest that it is now more than ever desirable that the offer of the Mahsud Khan, Musa, of 20,000 of his experts should be accepted. They will come in very handy in the eventual mopping-up operations.

IN re Boulogne and Dunkirk : the Navy and the Army and the Air Force are not mutual admiration societies, whose job as we know is to scratch one another's backs. When they say "Well played, Sir!" they mean just that and no more. Also they all hate being told how brave they are. The case is exactly similar to that of the steeplechase rider of peerless courage who, when an emotional lady admirer said : "Captain Crasher, how brave you are to go so fast at my fences!" replied "Brave, my foot! I can't hold the blinkin' old skins!"—

but, all the same, he had the best pair of hands I have ever seen ; and he was what she said. A really first-class artist never need ride over even a flight of sheep-hurdles to tell the world what he is.

WHILST we are very busy interning possible alien spies who have not yet been caught out, and also putting under comfortable restraint divers other people who have been anti their own country, not one word have we heard about the penalty for this sort of thing in time of war. The fancy name for a certain class of person is "Fifth Columnist." A shorter and better one is "spy." There is only one penalty for a spy in time of war. It cannot be too often repeated that everyone is now in the line and subject to the same discipline as the man with a rifle in his hands and

a pack upon his back. This man is apt to face a firing-squad at dawn if he does anything in the way of what they call "comforting" the enemy. We should all now be declared to be liable to the same penalty. There cannot be one law for the goose and another for the gander. "Comforting the enemy"—the wording of the charge—should embrace doing anything to discomfort your own side—but this, unfortunately, it does not. "Discomforting" means lowering or attempting to lower the national morale.

THE Red Cross Sale, as I know from a quite recent personal visit to 149, Park Lane, the depôt, is doing very nicely, thank you, and has accumulated a vast store, a good deal of which has already gone on to Christie's to await the day, but this is not all that there is to it. They have got the goods right enough ; now, the main thing is to find the buyers. Excess profits are now wiped out and no one is to be allowed to take anything with him, and anyway he wouldn't—so why not help the country by spending in this good cause ? Sir Courtauld Thomson showed me one contribution, a fifteenth-century model room, perfect in every detail, and now more perfect because the miniature paper on one of the tables is *The Tatler*. Before this, it was *The Undertakers' Monthly*. I think the other paper is a slight improvement. And now to a very nice little yarn :

Scotland, as a whole, has done very well for the Red Cross Sale, but a certain famous city with a reputation for being a bit "neer" has run true to tradition. The other day a friend, who is acquainted with everything that comes in for the Sale, tells me a curious coin arrived, post-marked from that city. It is of copper, bent, the size of a farthing, but *much less* in weight. It stumped the numismatic experts, but they entertain a strong suspicion that it was *made* in that northern spot!

(Continued on page 430)



Lambert

DUKE OF GRAFTON TURNS AUCTIONEER

Livestock given in aid of the Red Cross was auctioned at the Bury St. Edmunds cattle market by the Duke of Grafton, and the sale realised over £1000. The calf in the picture was sold many times and raised altogether £146. Barney Wyatt, of Flowton, well known in the farming world, who broadcast recently in "In Town To-night," is seen standing beside the Duke



HARROW CRICKET XI.

Eight members of the side that defeated Eton in the memorable match at Lord's last July are in the 1940 Harrow XI., which has won or drawn all the matches played this term. They have beaten A. K. Taylor's XI. and the Oxford Authentics

The names are : (l. to r., standing) J. F. Godsell, T. C. N. Flynn, J. L. Cowley, D. C. H. McLean, G. E. J. Rushbrooke, H. H. Carter ; (sitting) R. M. Boustead, E. Critchley, A. O. L. Lithgow (captain for the second year), P. E. E. Prideaux-Bruno, D. F. Henley



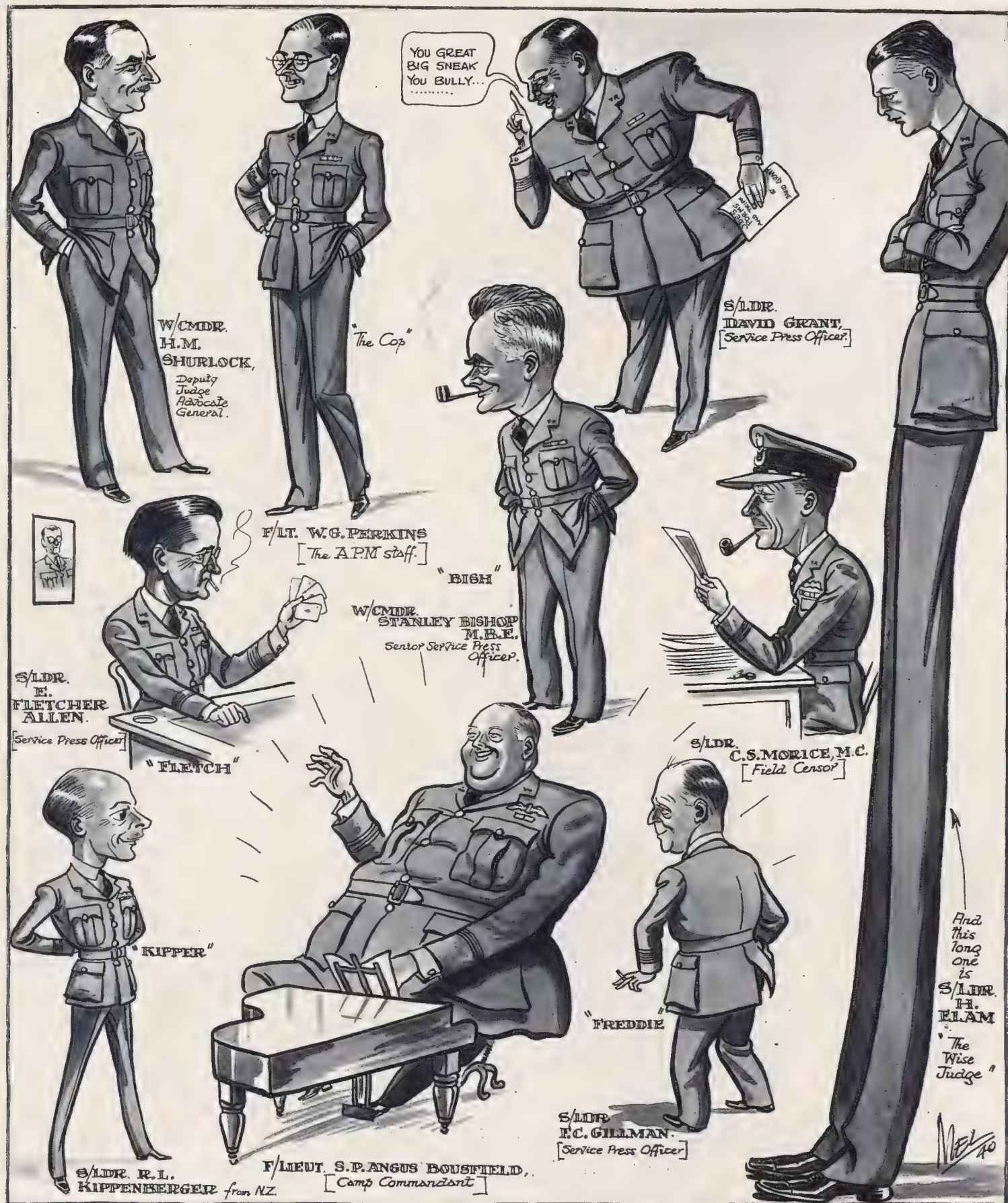
Photos : Stuart

HAILEYBURY CRICKET XI.

Haileybury drew their match with Harrow, who declared at 302, scoring 219 for 7. They have rather a young side this year, but in A. B. Sheldon have an able captain, who scored the useful amount of 134, not out, in the match. Eton v. Harrow will probably be played at Eton this year

The names are : (l. to r., standing) S. T. Theobald, H. A. Stacy-Marks, A. J. Dickinson, M. Davie, W. R. S. Grant, M. L. Bourdillon ; (sitting) A. L. Ross, A. Fairbairn, A. B. Sheldon (captain), A. L. Hardy, L. K. Purkis

"MEL" WITH THE R.A.F. IN FRANCE



MEMBERS OF A CHEERFUL R.A.F. MESS — SOMEWHERE

It was not necessary for the artist to pick a moment when everyone was smiling, for the R.A.F. make a habit of it, and in spite of war's great tribulation they have every reason. The only thing they ask is "More 'planes, and lots of 'em!" As to the rest, we know. Our people have established their superiority over the unspeakable Hun and our 'planes are better, but more, and more still, we must have. This mess is connected with H.Q. Advanced Air Striking Force. The Senior Service Press Officer, "Bish," is a very familiar figure in Fleet Street, and, as may be noticed, there is plenty of other talent besides his in this unit

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK



SONJA HENIE AND ROBERT CUMMINGS IN
"EVERYTHING HAPPENS AT NIGHT"

Sonja's very newest commenced what is to be an extended run at the Regal on June 7. Sonja Henie plays the part of the daughter of a mysterious Dr. Norden, a peace propagandist who is supposed to have been murdered, presumably by some people who hate peace! Robert Cummings and Ray Milland play two news-hounds out to get the story, and both of them naturally fall in love with Sonja, Robert Cummings winning a keen contest right on the post

THE A.R.P. warden had been testing gas-masks, and now came to the three old maids at the end house. Amelia and Jane greeted him and apologised for their sister's absence. The masks were adjusted, and the warden said: "Well, now I hope your masks are O.K." "Yes, thank you, they are," replied Amelia, "but what about our Rose's?" The warden, taken aback, said: "Oh, that's not my job, you know, but I think perhaps you could spray them."

A certain temperance committee learned of an old man who had attained the ripe old age of ninety-five and had never touched intoxicating liquor in any form. They therefore went to his home in a body to get a sworn statement to that effect.

There he was, propped up in bed, and they presented the statement to him, guiding his trembling old hand along the dotted line. Just before he signed, however, there was a tremendous noise from the next room, crashing of crockery and the heaving about of heavy furniture.

"Good heavens! What's that?" gasped one of the committee.

"Oh," whispered the old man, sinking back upon the pillows, exhausted after his effort, "that's father. He's drunk again."

THE sergeant-instructor was lecturing the new recruits.

"Now, my lads," he said, "suppose you are ordered out on a raiding-party. You creep out of your trench in pitch darkness and work your way across until you reach the enemy's line. Now, what's the first thing you do then?"

Silence for a moment. Then one bright lad spoke up: "Switch out my electric torch!"

HERE is a story from across the "herring-pond."

It was a lovely spring day in New York—but the drunk didn't know much about that. He stepped out of a down-town restaurant, looked bleakly round him and hailed a taxi.

"Driver," he said, "I wanna go to 110th Street, on the Wes' Side. And shee that you drive carefully."

The cabby nodded and closed the door. As they passed the 50th Street pier, he pointed to the British luxury liner, the "Queen Elizabeth."

"See that boat, mister?" he announced affably. "That's the 'Queen Elizabeth,' the biggest ship in the world."

The drunk poked his head out of the window.

"You don't shay!" he drolled. "So that'sh the 'Queen 'Elizabeth,' eh? Well, well, well!" He waved a hand. "Shtop the car, driver. I wanna take a good look."

"Right," returned the cabby. He applied his brakes and the machine came to a halt. The driver turned to the drunk.

"Yes, sir," he commented, "she sure is a big one, isn't she? She'd be as big as the Empire State Building if you were to stand that boat up on end."

The drunk began to roll up his sleeves.

"Okay," he hiccupped. "But you'll have to give me a hand!"

TWO actors who hadn't much use for each other met in a friend's house. They exchanged frigid nods.

"How are you getting along?" asked one.

"Pretty well," replied the other. "Still keeping alive, you know."

The first eyed him steadily for a moment, and then asked casually: "What's your motive?"

"HAVE a drink, old man," said Jones.

"I don't drink," replied Green.

"Well, have a cigarette, then."

"No, thanks. I don't smoke."

"Ever have headaches?"

"Yes, sometimes. Why?"

"Your halo's too tight!"

THE wife, married to a hypnotist, brought her husband to court, charging him with cruelty.

"Your Worship," she complained, "my husband is the meanest man in the world. He hypnotised me into thinking I was a canary, and then gave me bird-seed for breakfast, dinner and supper!"

The magistrate gasped. "Is this true?" he demanded.

The husband looked defiant. "I beg your pardon," he grunted, "but I don't think that was mean."

The magistrate stared. "You don't think that was mean?" he echoed.

The husband shook his head. "No," he asserted. "I could have hypnotised her into thinking she was a sparrow—and then she'd have had to hunt for her own food!"



Fred Daniels

MADGE ELLIOTT AND CYRIL RITCHARD, ALSO THE FAMILY HOUND

In private life these two popular people are Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Ritchard, and both are having big successes at this moment, but in different shows. Madge Elliott is in the new revue, *Swinging the Gate*, at the Ambassadors, and Cyril Ritchard is making runs all round the wicket in Firth Shephard's new musical show, *Up and Doing*, at the Saville

MAKE A FRIEND OF THE SUN—



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The days lengthen: Spring ripens into Summer: your skin itself takes on a warmer, softer glow . . . If tanning suits you and you tan healthily and naturally, Elizabeth Arden recommends her famous SUN TAN OIL in Honey or Café shades. If your skin is fair and you are inclined to burn, SUNPRUF CREAM will enable you, according to the amount you use, to regulate your tan to the exact shade you have decided is most becoming. If you wish to prevent tanning altogether, you need Elizabeth Arden's PROTECTA LOTION. Complete your Summer make-up with an Elizabeth Arden lipstick. For the untanned, there is her delicate spring-like "Primula"; for tanned beauties, "Burnt Sugar" or vivid "Chariot." And—as the final touch of Summer elegance—VELVA BEAUTY FILM clothes the legs in a smooth liquid stocking.

SUN TAN OIL 3/6

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LIPSTICKS 6/6

VELVA BEAUTY FILM (in 3 shades) 6/6

ELIZABETH ARDEN 25 OLD BOND STREET LONDON W1

PICTURES IN THE FIRE—continued

IN spite of the admirable exordium recently delivered by Mr. Harold Nicholson to the chatterbugs, the numbers of these always well-meaning persons do not show any appreciable decrease. They attack from every angle and sometimes are not easy to repulse. Upon some occasions the unvarying question: "And what do you think of the war now?" can be parried—at other moments not so. For instance, when the victim is busy with an

that. . . ." How do you wriggle out then? Unless the Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Information can come to the rescue, the people who hate unnecessary jabber are likely to continue to be sunk. It is no use retorting, "Keep your hair on!" for that merely infuriates the Inquisitor.

A pal in Palestine has just written me an interesting letter which ends off: "So long for now and I hope that in the near future we shall meet again either in Leicestershire or Cheshire at the game we all love best!" Same here, but not before November—and the plough is bound to be a bit heavy like in both spots, because, as my hard-riding friend possibly knows, we have got to scrap all those ditties about "forty minutes on the grass without a check (or cheque, have it your own way) boys." Hunting people who are bad sailors will no longer have to compete with that up-and-down motion which the ridge and furrow engenders in a steed which does not meet it right!

My very cheery correspondent is away on service with a mob which has been very unkindly christened "The Horse Thieves, Ltd.," and the whole of the staff is composed of coves who are given to dancing over any country. Their unit has to do with Remounts and the steeds they collect are, so I gather, none too bad, for my friend says: "Leslie and I have just put our names on four between us, really lovely horses—just the sort we all love to ride."

He also says: "Like everyone else, I did very little hunting this season, but I did get one topping day with the Quorn early on, only thirty-two out in all, which made one feel very sad, but *how* they ran for nearly an hour in the Friday country. I was mounted on G's best horse—and did I enjoy it? You're asking me! I had about three



LORD COWDRAY IN HAPPIER TIMES

The news of Lord Cowdray's severe wound in the Dunkirk operations, as a result of which he has lost his left arm, has caused distress to his friends and particularly in the world of polo. Lord Cowdray was non-playing captain of our last International polo team. Lady Cowdray gave birth to a daughter on the day the news arrived

good hunts at home in Cheshire and felt very sad leaving all the things I love so much. They hunted the day we left, first time since Boxing Day.

"Perishing hot here and the flies are bloodsore, but we are a very cheery band in spite of it all." Anyway, so far as one can see, they are enjoying themselves and only eager for that moment when they can have a crack at the foe.

A very nice A.R.P. first-aid story has been handed to me, and it is about a small boy who was detailed to play the part of one of the casualties. The presiding doctor, in his little lecture after the operations, said: "I think—ah—that it is desirable that—ah—all the cases should know exactly the nature of the injuries for which—ah—they—ah—have been treated. Now, Mickey Rooney, *what—ah—have we done to you?*" "What have you done?" said Mickey. Another little boy, also detailed to play "casualty," was left lying in his appointed spot for so long that he got bored with it, so he took off his label and tied it on a gate, having previously written on it: "I have bled to death!"



Truman Howell

"SOMEWHERE IN WALES"

Lieut.-Colonel D. G. C. Murphy, who is commanding a Home Defence Battalion, and Colonel Lord Digby, formerly Coldstream and now Assistant Inspector of Infantry at the War Office. Lord Digby is a former and most popular Joint-Master of the Cattistock during the Consulship of that great M.F.H., Parson Milne

insufficiently boiled egg, or when shaving, or when making the noises customary to cleanliness in his bath, how difficult is escape. In a car, in a train, tube or bus things are a bit easier, for the person assailed can always take refuge behind that sure shield, the vacuous and glassy stare of the Idiot Boy, or pretend not quite to have heard the question. A goodish reply is: "Yes, I know! She's always been quick enough to kick the whiskers off a mosquito—but I have never believed she was quite what you say!" It compels them to say "No; I said the *War!*" and that forces them to begin all over again and gives time for the concoction of another riposte. The inescapable moment is when the victim is fairly and squarely boxed, held by the lapels of his coat and sprayed with a rapid fire of "Now, *why* don't they . . .," and "Surely it was obvious . . .," "You say . . .," "If I had been . . .," and "Answer me



BIG SHOTS IN THE "ROEHAMPTON SUNDAY" TENNIS FOR THE RED CROSS FUND

Miss Kay Stammers (Mrs. Michael Menzies), second only to Miss Alice Marble in the American ratings, and Miss Jean Nicoll in action in their match against Miss Billie Yorke and Miss Joan Ingram. The programme at the Roehampton Club was such a good one that it will be surprising if the Red Cross Fund did not profit very considerably



Ralph Lynn *relies on* Ovaltine *to keep fit*

MR. RALPH LYNN has sent the following letter to the proprietors of 'Ovaltine':—

"A stage career is an exacting one, and it is necessary to keep fit all the time. When I am feeling strained or over-tired after a long day at the theatre, I find a cup of 'Ovaltine' will completely banish these feelings. It ensures a continuous replenishing of energy and is the perfect restorative."

Long experience has proved the outstanding value of 'Ovaltine' as a restorative, energy-giving tonic food beverage. It supplies all the vital food elements essential to robust health.

Make 'Ovaltine' your daytime and bedtime beverage. You will feel better, work better, and look better—and at night your sleep will be really refreshing and health-giving.

PETROL VAPOUR

By W. G. McMINNIES

Garagemen's Appeal Muddle

THE recent conflicting appeals for the services of garage mechanics by two Government departments showed up a lack of co-ordination that it is hoped will be cured quickly. The first appeal came from Lord Beaverbrook, and asked fitters and technical experts from garages and filling stations to volunteer for work in the Government's aircraft factories. A few days later the C.-in-C., Home Forces, gave out, through Mr. William E. Rootes,

to one report, it was even suggested that garages should consider means for rendering vital parts of a car bullet-proof. As it seems unlikely that armoured steel will be available for the purpose, the best alternative would be some arrangement of sandbag protection. Sacks could be designed to give some protection over the doors, back panels and bonnet sides, though the weight would have to be kept as low as possible.

Pass on this Car-Immobilising Information

THE importance of immobilising a car at night by removing the distributor arm is not sufficiently appreciated. It therefore behoves motorists who know how to effect this very simple expedient to pass on the information to their friends. During the past week or two I have instructed a number of people in the matter and made sure that they understood the removal by making them do the job themselves. To show how mechanically ignorant some owners are, I actually met one who didn't realise that he could lock three of the car's doors by raising the inside door-handles. He was under the impression that he could only lock one door, because it was the only one fitted with a hole for his key.

Signposts and Car Wireless to Go

SIGNPOSTS are being removed and orders issued that cars must be stripped of their wireless sets, in order to hinder the

invader as much as possible. We are also advised not to leave maps in cars, lest the enemy might acquire useful information from them. Knowing the German passion for thoroughness, one would expect them to bring their own maps, and probably very good ones, too, with the rest of their parachuting equipment. But the painting-out of signposts is an excellent idea, for until one can set a map—i.e., find out where one is on it—the map is valueless. For while it is comparatively easy to read a map from the air, it is a very different thing to do so after being bumped down in strange country in the dark.

Fifth Column on the Road

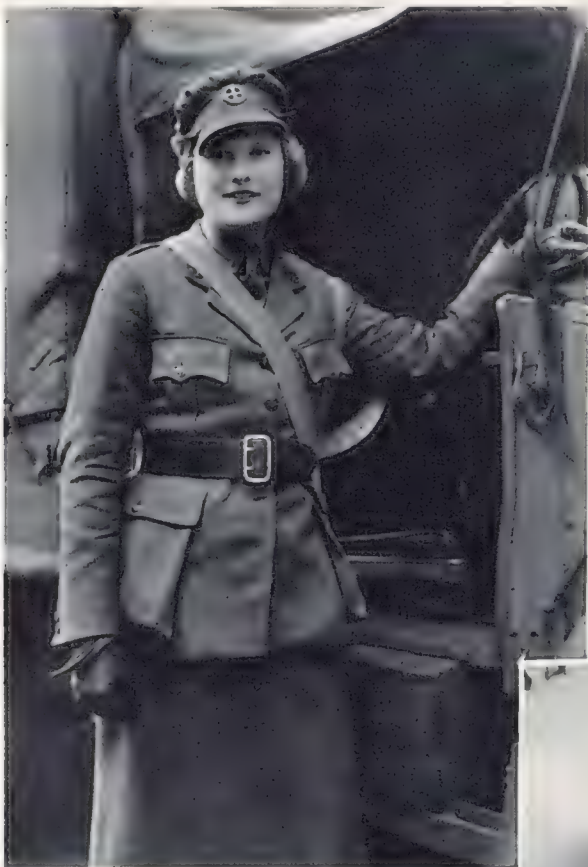
IN travelling about the country I have been impressed by the number of youngish people either foot-slogging or cycling on our country roads. Mostly they travel in pairs, two youths, two young women, or a man and woman on a tandem cycle. They carry satchels and look fit and capable. Of course, they may be on holiday and they may be exempt from military service. On the other hand, they may have more sinister intentions, and when one finds them in districts full of aerodromes, one would like to know that someone in authority was checking up on them. But perhaps we are not as sleepy as we appear. Only the other day this wandering scribe was mistaken for a spy. He was travelling by motor-coach and making notes of his impressions of this form of motoring as he went along. Also, he was watching two other passengers who, armed with maps, seemed to be taking a minute interest in the countryside. A small boy, unknown to the writer, who afterwards met his mother, watched the note-making with interest, and on being met by his mother at the end of the journey, immediately pointed her out the spy.

Defending One's Privacy

WHAT would you do with a party of motorists who parked their car in the entrance of your drive, leant over your gate, and boisterously enjoyed the view? You could explain that they were blocking your exit or tell them you didn't like their fun or their frivolity. But I hit on a better scheme and asked them if they'd like to look round and order tea. Instantly they were on their guard and made ready to depart, and I thought I'd got rid of them. Then two of them relented and said they would like to see the garden. So I spent the next quarter of an hour showing them round. And as they were kind, though thoughtless, folk, the time was not wasted. And then, late the other night, we returned to find a darkened car in the entrance. It took the couple inside some time to make their departure, while we curbed our impatience with the thought that we, too, had once been young.

Dornie Bridge Completed

AFTER several years' work, the £60,000 bridge over Loch Long, on the road to Kyle of Lochalsh, has been completed. This work eliminates the Dornie ferry and facilitates transport to the Isle of Skye. One approaches the bridge along the banks of Loch Duich, which the late King Edward VII. considered one of the most beautiful scenes in the whole of the world. The eastern end of the Loch is dominated by the Five Sisters of Kintail mountains.



A NAVAL ENGAGEMENT

Miss Minna Mary Royds is in the land forces as a Chief Volunteer in the F.A.N.Y., but with her engagement to Lieutenant Richard Eyre, R.N., son of Major and Mrs. Hastings Eyre, of Horwood House, Bideford, Devon, keeps in the family the naval tradition of her father, the late Vice-Admiral Sir Charles Royds, who served under Captain Scott in the *Discovery* during the British Antarctic Expedition of 1901-04

that these garages and their mechanics, in the event of an invasion, would be required for repairing service transport, and the men should therefore remain in their present employment.

I made several enquiries at local garages of some standing and found that not one of them had received any official notification regarding either of the above appeals other than that published in the Press and announced on the radio. The present situation is that garage staffs are already depleted, owing to the call-up of mechanics of military age and the volunteering of others. The garages in some cases have already had a certain amount of service car-repair work, and, as one proprietor said, he could do quite a lot more with his present staff, assisted, if need be, by enthusiastic amateurs. Most garage owners are practical men, and there is no doubt that they could supervise the work of other men and women with less technical knowledge. According



LIEUT. CLIFFORD MCLAGLEN, R.A.S.C.

Brother of the famous "tough" film star, Victor McLaglen, Mr. Clifford McLaglen has himself been a film actor most of his life and has worked for the screen in France and Germany. Now, though, like the rest of us, he is interested in a different sort of shooting, and is a subaltern in the R.A.S.C.

*"The Lion
has
TEETH!"*



...so have

**DUNLOP
TYRES**



AIR EDDIES

By OLIVER STEWART

Other Days

IT is hard enough, in the present wild and whirling world of aviation, to turn to thoughts of other days; but doing so can be a valuable medicine. After all, there is still such a thing as private flying in some parts of the world, and America preserves for us the days when private aeroplane owners could gather together at some little landing-ground to enjoy peaceful amusements. Some of the small American aeroplanes show attractive qualities and indicate what might have been in Europe and what all who believe in aviation know will yet be. The private owner type of aeroplane is a vehicle which still has more possibilities of development than the private motor-car. Its range has been going up and it is becoming a great deal more trustworthy. Moreover, it may in the end benefit a little from developments undertaken primarily for war reasons.

Thus the new Ryan, which is in production in the United States of America, has remarkable slow-flying qualities. They are secured by means of a wing which really amounts to a variable camber one. It will be recalled that in the distant days of before the war of 1914-18, the "variable camber" wing used to be spoken of in awed tones as a device which would "revolutionise" flying, making it safe, sane and simple. Well here, at last, is the variable camber wing, though not in the form that had been expected.

The wing is really made up of a series of long, narrow strips, running across the span, jointed together and controllable so that they can be worked rather like the top of a roll-top desk and made to assume what curve may be needed to obtain high lift or high speed. Actually the wing does not consist of more than four separate main parts, but the roll-top desk effect is there

and is the fundamental reason for its success.

One of the problems with the low-speed aeroplane is that of landing it with the nose cocked up in the air. When the variable camber wing is curved to the full extent the aeroplane can fly very slowly, but to do so its nose must be pointed steeply upwards. The consequence is that, unless special provision is made, a landing

in this position leads to the tail-wheel striking the ground first. In the Ryan, and also in other machines designed to fly and to land slowly, the undercarriage legs are very long so as to enable the aircraft to touch down evenly in the nose-up position.

Contemplation of all these aircraft designed for low-speed flying and good control makes one look forward to the time when ordinary civil flying will return. But meanwhile the need for Service aircraft is imperative and overrides all other considerations. In this field I think that, without being optimistic, I can safely sound a fairly hopeful note.

Hope in the Air

AT the blackest times of the past weeks it has been possible to look to the air and to find there a ray of light. The work of the Royal Air Force and of the *Armée de l'Air* has been magnificent; that is agreed by the whole world. I will not labour the point; but I think we can here look at the wider meaning of that work and of its results up to the present.

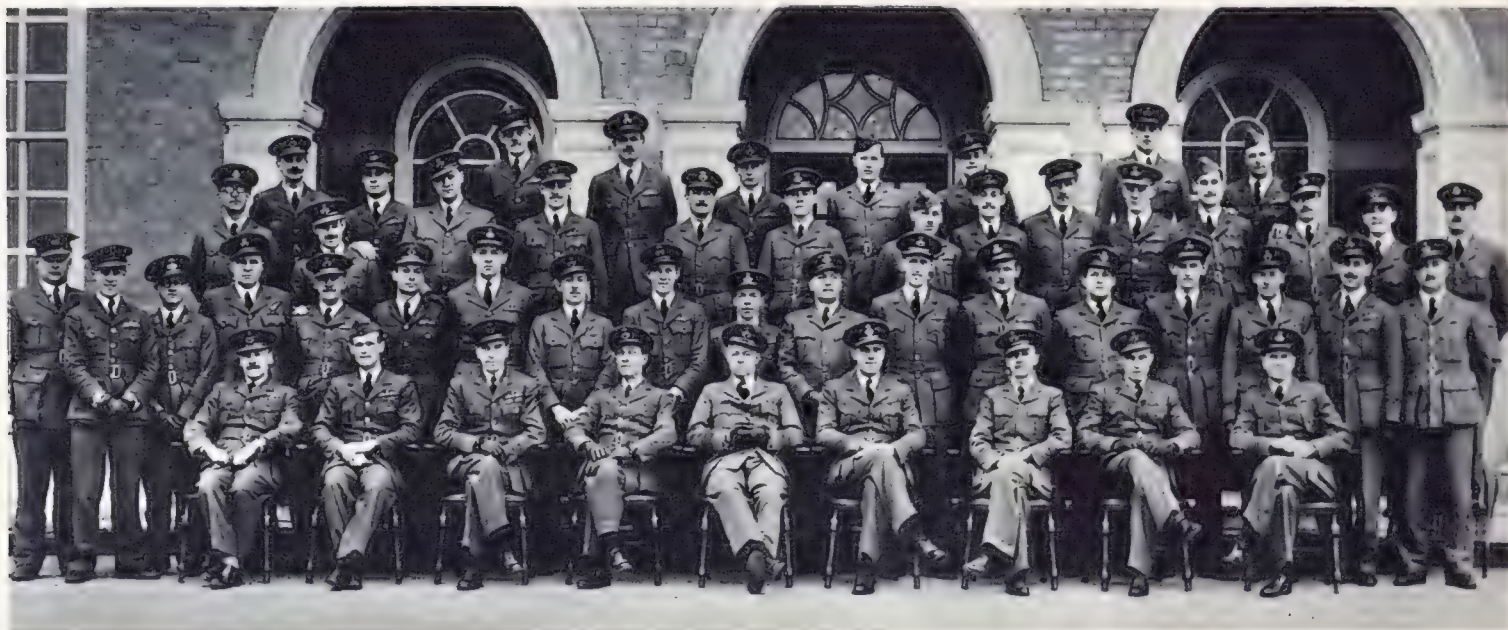
I say, then, that the air actions of the past weeks give the Allies a ray of hope. My meaning is that the Allies have done so well in the air that it has been the obvious and inevitable implication that, if they could but add quantity to their quality, they might acquire command of the air. With command of the air the possession by the enemy of the Channel ports would be converted from an asset to a liability. For all his movements in those districts would be subject to direct survey and control by the Allied air forces. Lord Beaverbrook has set the wheels humming faster than ever before; the United States has helped as far as she can with her relatively small industry; the Dominions have made their contributions. It may be that quantity is on its way to add to quality. If so air supremacy for the Allies is also on its way.



Anthony Beauchamp

FATHER AND SON IN THE R.A.F.

Squadron-Leader John Darwin, D.S.O., and his son, Pilot Officer Christopher Darwin, are both on active service with the R.A.F. Squadron-Leader Darwin, who is a direct descendant of the evolutionist, holds also the rank of Major, having been at the R.M.C. and in the Coldstream before moving over to the R.A.F. in 1916. The Darwins' home is at Elston Hall, Newark, Nottinghamshire



OFFICERS OF A MIDLAND R.A.F. STATION

Stuart

"Per Ardua ad Astra" is a motto that takes on a very deep significance these days, and it is safe to say that every member of the youngest Service is contributing to the achievement of a glorious record fully in keeping with its high aspirations

In this group are: (l. to r., back row) F/Os G. F. C. Ely, G. C. Banning-Lover, D. R. Garnham, P. H. Lee, P/O. T. F. Bullus, F/Os G. B. F. Cousins, D. R. C. B. de Sarigny, P/O. G. H. Tripp, F/O. I. B. Westmacott, P/O. R. A. Marsh, F/O. D. L. Forestier-Walker, Flt.-Lieut. A. J. Clegg, F/Os P. R. O'Connor, G. K. Buckingham, Flt.-Lieut. A. Moncrieff, Flt.-Lieut. R. C. Love, F/O. J. Addison, Flt.-Lieut. J. St. C. Arbuthnot, P/Os P. Goldsmith, I. F. Davies, F/O. E. J. Carthew; (second row) F/Os E. L. Brackenbury, J. E. Boulton, Flt.-Lieut. H. J. Davies, F/Os F. G. Carpenter, D. D. Gray, Flt.-Lieut. D. O. F. Lumsden, W. N. Sykes, A. J. MacDougal, Acting Flt.-Lieut. S. P. V. Bird, F/O. H. Ledger, Flt.-Lieut. P. Snelling, G. Burdick, P. H. Maxwell, M. M. Kane, M.B.E., W. K. Williams, D. J. Day, F/O. J. Nesbitt-Dufort, Flt.-Lieut. H. G. Hudson; (sitting) Flt.-Lieut. R. A. Bradley, Sq.-Ldrs. R. B. Harrison, A. J. Nightingale, A. H. Simmonds, Group Captain E. Brownson-Rice, Sq.-Ldrs. W. E. Cameron, F. C. Griffin, F. M. Hall, A. C. Kermode

"I'd adore a

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A remark you often hear

This time of year.



To start every day well...

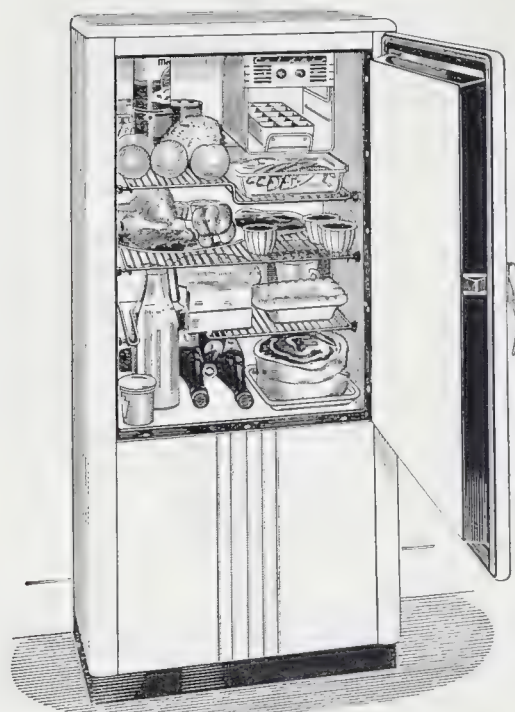


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DECORATIVE and practical are the little crêpe dresses in the salons of Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street. They are cut on slender and flattering lines, and the colour schemes are delightful. There are colour accents which are a great help; it may be a belt or a novel tie at the neck. Then an immense advantage is that they may be slipped into place in a fraction of a second. Furthermore, they do not crease when folded for packing. They are well worth a visit to view as many of them are accompanied with dark, nevertheless lightweight coats



IT is also in Debenham and Freebody's model gown department that the ensemble on the left may be seen. As shown here, it is the ideal affair for weddings and other receptions; remove the bolero, enriched with stranded silver fox, and it becomes a frock suitable for an informal dinner. The entire scheme is carried out in a very fine wool material, the net yoke and sleeves decorated with appliqué embroidery. Note the pressed pleats on the skirt. It seems almost unnecessary to add that it can be copied in many different materials and colours

THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION

by M. E. Brooke



REALLY furs are gilt-edge investments, as they may appropriately be worn on many different occasions. It has been said, and with justice, that Bradley's, Chepstow Place, is the home of the mink coat, in which fashion and quality go hand in hand. They specialize, too, in coatees and wraps in what may be described as unusual furs. It is impossible to do justice in words to the lovely shades present in the platinum dyed white fox jacket above. Neither must it be overlooked that it gives the much to be desired width across the shoulders. Again, there are the platina fox stoles. They may be draped in a variety of ways, thereby completely changing their aspect. The wrap and muff on the left are of natural lynx, a light coloured fur that wears extremely well and looks smart to the very end

Photographs by Hugh White



Tunbridge

STANDING out with prominence among the Laleek preparations is the Rose Skin Food. It is a combined skin food and cleanser. During the night the pores absorb it, and the skin is nourished by it. The Pine-Tone Masque gives a spring cleansing to the face and neck and is an excellent remedy for black-heads. The brochure will be sent gratis and post free

WOMEN are always very conscious of superfluous hairs on the face. They will therefore be delighted to know of Adelaide Grey's (27 Old Bond Street) Laleek Wax-A-Way Treatment for the removal of the same. It can easily be used at home; sufficient for a number of treatments is 3s. 6d. It is guaranteed harmless, and definitely weakens the growth of the hair



Hugh White

LINA MENOVA, the Russian baroness, who sings so delightfully in the cabaret at Grosvenor House, is here seen wearing a suit of carnival red Lincrash, with a hat to match. The coat is generously trimmed with platinum fox. Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford St., designed and carried out the entire outfit

AN enthusiastic welcome has been accorded the Agor-ray skirt, which is "Koneray" pleated. It is arranged with graduated knife-edge pleats all round, tapering off into a snugly fitting hipline. In a variety of materials, including worsteds, tweeds and Irish linen, it is 30s. These skirts are sold practically everywhere, but should any difficulty be experienced in obtaining them, C. Stillitz, 14-16a Shore Road, Hackney, E.9, will send the name of their agent



Peter Clark

Sweet Memories of Devon



We got up early and walked across Exmoor and were fortunate enough to see a magnificent specimen of the wild red deer which roam the forests and moors of this romantic part of Devon.



We had often heard of Fingle Bridge as a famous beauty-spot, but none of us had ever been there. It was even lovelier than we had imagined, and we rested for a while on the bridge, feasting our eyes.



The Whiteway Cyder apple orchards at Whimble, which are the largest in the world, were in full blossom and were a magnificent sight. We all loved the little white pigs, which skipped about playfully under the trees.



Then we had a picnic lunch where the view was magnificent. With our lunch we enjoyed the famous Whiteway brand of Sweet Sparkling Devonshire Cyder, which costs only 11½d. per flagon. The children had Cydrax (non-alcoholic) costing 10d.



After lunch we saw hundreds of the shaggy little ponies which run wild over the solitudes of Dartmoor. The hills are very steep, but Whiteways' Devon Cyder is not "heady" and we felt quite safe driving.



The sun was sinking over the cathedral when we got back to Exeter. The peace and quiet of the Cathedral Close provided a fitting end to a perfect day. Sweet memories of Devon.

Whiteways' Cyders, Medium Sweet at 11½d. per Screw Quart Flagon (in local Counties 11d.) or Dry at 1'-. also Cydrax, non-alcoholic, at 10d., are obtainable from all Wine Merchants and Licensed Grocers. Cydrax is also stocked by most Grocers and Unlicensed Restaurants. **Insist on WHITEWAYS'** which are genuine Devonshire Products, and **REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES.**



Simple and Tailored

For the Country Weekend

ALTHOUGH good companions on many occasions, Lillywhites, Piccadilly Circus and Knightsbridge, have decided that the jacket and skirt above may each be bought separately, if desired. The coat is made of simulated linen, which needs the eye of an expert to differentiate it from its prototype. It can be worn open or closed, and is available in the accepted fashionable colours. The skirt is of flannel; the back has a suspicion of a flare, the pleats being high in front. In the catalogue (sent on application), will be seen a number of skirts which have been specially designed for women who have what are sometimes described as "problems" where their figures are concerned. The needs of the men have likewise received careful consideration

TO Finnigans, in New Bond Street, must be given the credit for these admirably cut and tailored trouser-slacks. They are light in weight, being carried out in worsted flannel. Although the striped pullover is of wool, it is summer weight and perfectly ventilated. The Motoluxe coat is destined to be worn whenever an extra wrap is needed; it is warm and light. A few words must be said about this firm's tailored suits, as in many instances the tweed has been specially woven for them. Wrap coats to harmonize are well represented. There are swim suits and tennis suits



Photographs by George Miles

The Home Front—(Cont. from page 406)**The Somerset Scene**

This lovely county remains outwardly peaceful; its normal social gatherings subdued or cancelled, but the recent infiltration from the Metropolis, and the process of strengthening defences, cause unusual activity. It is not easy for every one to adapt himself, or herself; older people find it hard to stomach the forms, the do's and don'ts, not to mention the newcomers and their strange ways. "A garden is a great comfort," writes my correspondent who had been admiring the attractive little garden belonging to Mrs. Rupert Incedon-Webber (Joan Montagu) at Wraxall, a grey stone hamlet on the edge of the Blackmore Vale Tuesday country, which is also hunted by the Sparkford Vale Harriers.



ABOUT IN LONDON TOWN

A Services' meeting in the Piccadilly neighbourhood. Those concerned are Flying Officer and Mrs. Hay, and Sir Francis Astley-Corbett, who is in the Brigade of Guards. Sir Francis succeeded his grandfather last year

Wartime hunting amalgamations include that of Colonel Digby, for many years Master of the Blackmore Vale, with Miss Guest, whose own pack of foxhounds used to hunt adjoining country. She and Colonel Digby are now joint-Masters of a much reduced Blackmore Vale. Lord Portman, Master of the Taunton Vale, on the other side of the county, went back to his regiment last September, and Colonel Speke of Jordans, who has taken over the mastership he resigned some years ago, is assisted by a committee. Hunting has strong roots in the past. Since James I decided it was good for England, few have gainsaid him. Whatever the war may bring, the will to preserve hunting and racing will persist.

Of the many beautiful houses in those parts, Cadbury Court is being run as a babies' home by its *châtelaine*, Lady Langman, who took over the concern from an evacuation area at the beginning of the war. Mrs. Spackman, who lives at Pylle, is an authoress, but she will

(Continued on page 442)

"SHE'S pretty to walk with, and witty to talk with,
And pleasant too to think on"

Sir John Suckling



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The Home Front—(Cont. from page 441)

not tell her closest friends the name she writes under, insisting this is an essential precaution against making enemies, as people tend to recognize themselves in their friends' books, whether they appear or not, and to take offence accordingly! Her sisters are Lady Shelmerdine and Countess Königsmark, remote in Prussia. Neighbouring Pylle Manor belongs to "Archie" Garton who is at the War Office; and Shanks House to Sir Arthur and Lady Sutton who bought it from the Grant-Daltons. Bad King John showed his good taste by using it as a hunting lodge. Squires who have gone to fight include Richard Cely Trevilian of Midelney (whose sisters are those beauties, Mrs. David Heneage and Mrs. Douglas Blackett) and Robert Combe, of Earns-hill, who is back in the Coldstreams.

Not long ago a substitute point-to-point was run, the usual race meeting having been cancelled. Lady Julia Mount (*née* Pakenham) attended, but Miss Diana Bell, who used to win so many ladies' races at West Country point-to-points, is serving with the F.A.N.Y. Though the unaccustomed bustle of war conditions permeates this bucolic corner, and every one is imbued with the will to win, the feelings of a great many people are expressed by Rupert Incledon-Webber, who, waiting to be called up, looks at his hunters out at grass and calculates how old they'll be "afterwards."

Around London

The emptiness of the pavements and the absence of traffic blocks at the most normally congested crossings, gives London an unreal quality this summer, accentuated by the open-work canopy of balloons, their silver noses trained to the same point of the compass, making a fantastic modern pattern. Near Regent's Park there is a balloon which turns her nose a little to the north or the south, when all the others are facing due east or WSW, as the wind may be.

To me she has become a symbol of defiance, of individual pig-headedness, and even of the artistic conscience in revolt. I feel her crew must be proud of her, and that her name is probably Gracie.

The pavements of Oxford Street remain well covered, and women still come to the doors of the shops with patterns, an assistant carrying a



SIR RICHARD SYKES
AND LADY DOROTHY LYGON

At the Worcester Races last week, run in what we call a heat wave. Sir Richard Sykes, who is serving in the infantry, is the owner of famous Sledmere, and Lady Dorothy Lygon is Lord Beauchamp's youngest sister

roll of material, to see if it is "a good match," regardless of the possibility that between now and Michaelmas the importance of puce *versus* periwinkle may be forgotten in the *melée* of A.A. guns *versus* German planes. It was in Oxford Street that I met Mrs. "Ronnie" Cross, tall, nice-looking wife of the Minister of Shipping. She wore a burnt biscuit straw hat to match her sandy hair, and a light green suit. The Cross's two schoolgirl daughters, and their baby daughter, make three genuine blondes. Dorothy Dickson, wafting along like a feather, and Mrs. "Bobby" Abercromby, were also shopping. Colonel Abercromby, who was blown up in a hospital ship in the last German war, is in command of the Guards Depot in Chelsea in this one. He is the brother and heir-presumptive of Colonel Sir George Abercromby,

At Claridge's Robert Montgomery, now with an American ambulance unit in France, was lunching with the American Ambassador, and at the Savoy Lord Hardwicke celebrated his return from Italy, where he had a set-to with an anti-British Fascist. Korda is back in his old seat in the Savoy Grill, where Lord Dunmore, who got his V.C. in 1897, made a rare appearance. He is still and always will be one of the best-looking men in the country. His only son, Lord Fincastle, is serving with the Cameron Highlanders.

Cannes Ambulance Corps

The Anglo-American Ambulance Corps of Cannes gave a garden party for subscribers to admire their vehicles before these went into use. The successful villa architects, Barry Dierks and Colonel Eric Sawyer, welcomed guests at the Schneider villa, its owner being absent with the French Ambulance Corps at the front. The ex-King of the Belgians had just appealed to Mrs. Schneider for ambulances for his army, and her telegram asking the Cannes Corps to co-operate was read out to an audience, including Sir Hesketh Bell, but before anything could be done the Belgian Army had capitulated.

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WHAT MAKES SOME PEOPLE STAND UP TO THE STRAIN SO MUCH BETTER THAN OTHERS?



Scientists say it all depends
on which Sleep Group
you belong to.

There are 3 Sleep Groups

WHICH DO YOU BELONG TO?

1st SLEEP GROUP

The people in this Group stand war strain best. Their sleep restores body, nerves and brain completely. Even with only 5 or 6 hours in bed they are never handicapped by "nerves" or tiredness. There is the thoroughly refreshing 1st Group Sleep that everyone should have and that Horlicks bestows.

2nd SLEEP GROUP

2nd Group people seem to sleep well enough yet can't stand up to war worry and anxiety. They tire easily, feel "nervy," can't keep their mind on things. That's because excess acid waste products in the blood activate their brain and nerves at night. Hospital tests prove Horlicks corrects this.

3rd SLEEP GROUP

The people in this Group are least able to stand war strain. They sleep badly — can't get to sleep, lie awake or wake tired. Hospital tests prove that Horlicks overcomes this condition, ensures 1st Group Sleep.

IT'S a curious fact that some people suffer much more than others from war strain. Even though they sleep 8 or 9 hours every night they feel depressed, "nervy" and tired.

Scientists explain it by pointing out that a great many people belong to the wrong sleep group. There are 3 Sleep Groups altogether.

People in the 1st Sleep Group get perfect rest for their brain and nerves even from a short night's sleep. They find they can stand up splendidly to war worry and anxiety.

But the trouble with people in the 2nd and 3rd Sleep Groups is that their brain and nerves are kept active at night by the body's excess acid waste products, which accumulate in the blood.

Scientists, experimenting with various foods and drinks, discovered that Horlicks alone completely neutralized those excess acid waste products. Taken at bedtime, Horlicks gives body, nerves and brain complete repose, and ensures 1st Group Sleep every night.

Start taking Horlicks tonight. See how much more energetic and hopeful you will feel. The longer the war lasts, the more urgently you need the restful, restorative 1st Group Sleep that Horlicks bestows.

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THE CINEMA BY JAMES AGATE

Two Escapist Films

IF you want to know the truth about a play or a piece of acting, ask Gladys Henson. Need I remark that one says "Gladys" *tout court* out of sheer affection? I remember going to lunch at the "Ivy" the day after the opening of the pantomime *Cinderella* at the Coliseum. I had spent the morning wrestling with my account of Edna Best's performance in the title part, and trying hard to get on to paper the exact shade of superciliousness which this over-distinguished actress had cast over a very simple little part. With my article in view I said to Gladys Henson, "I can't make up my mind about last night's *Cinderella*!" "I can!" said Gladys. "She just didn't want to go to the Ball!"

I kept thinking of this wonderful piece of spontaneous criticism all the time I was watching *Swiss Family Robinson* at the Regal, a film in which Miss Best left us in no shadow of doubt that the Swiss Mrs. Robinson didn't, really didn't, want to go anywhere near that preposterous island. Not that Mr. Robinson didn't make things comfortable for her! And here is the place to answer the objection that Hollywood has over-picturized the old story. The answer is that the book over-picturized itself. No undertakings are too comprehensive for the adventurous family who having armed themselves "with knives, hatchets, saws, and every cutting and carving instrument we could possibly require" set out to dissect a whale! "Before setting to work we stripped ourselves of our vests and shirts, and then, like so many butchers, cut open the monster's belly. I selected as much of the intestines as I thought would be useful, cutting them into slices of from six to twelve feet in length, and after thoroughly cleansing them with sand and sea water we placed them

in the boat. 'Ha, ha!' cried Ernest while thus engaged, 'with these skins mamma might make us some splendid sausages!'" Shade of "Moby Dick!"

Nevertheless my view is that out of the skin of this book Hollywood has made a singularly appetizing film. Superficially some of the picturization is a little staggering. One is a little surprised when, the family sitting down to their first dinner in the house in the tree, Mrs. Robinson is seen to be wearing her diamonds, the board is garnished with silver candlesticks, and, the meal finished, serviettes are discarded and the family gathers round Mrs. Robinson to hear her playing to them on the spinet! The instrument was the last thing to be rescued from the brig before it broke up. What the picture cannot reproduce is the book's grave sententious charm. Here, for example, is a passage which might very well be the basis for the conversation between Sir Isaac Newton and the painter Kneller in Mr. Shaw's *In Good King Charles's Golden Days*: "Here a dispute arose between Ernest and his brother, half-comical, half-scientific, on the nature of true beauty. Each defended his position with lively enthusiasm, but Frederick was no match for his brother. His adversary's language revealed something of more than mere admiration of Nature; the deep and earnest devotion of the scientific student who has passed long hours with his microscope in his hand, studying a minute fibre, or investigating a simple ring on an insect's back. I terminated the argument, and restored harmony between the two disputants by telling them, that in the immense work of creation everything was of equal beauty, everything equally admirable; from the fleshworm, imperceptible to the eye, up to the huge whale and colossal elephant, whose heavy and ungracious forms in no wise displayed that delicacy of organization which astonished us in the mollusk, the worm, or the fly."

It would be easy to rag this film of *Swiss Family Robinson*, and some of my colleagues have ragged it. I am more concerned to establish its quite considerable visual and aural beauty. The scenes on the island do very definitely suggest, for those who have eyes to see, a return to primitive simplicity. The scenic artist could not have done this unaided. With quite unerring felicity, Edward Ludwig, the director, has enlisted the co-operation of the one composer whose music breathes "un peu de la félicité du premier homme en face de la Nature vierge." This, of course, is Franz Schubert, to whose themes the picture moves throughout. It is very well acted by Thomas Mitchell, Edna Best (doing what the scenario enjoins upon her), Terry Kilburn, Tim Holt and Baby Bobby Quillan. About Baby Freddie Bartholomew's performance I am resolved, however, to say nothing!

Safari at the Carlton turned out to be an exciting film, also about the back of beyond, though a beyond of a totally different kind. This film tells how Madeleine Carroll, who is about to marry Tullio Carminati's yacht, castles, and rent roll, falls in love with Douglas Fairbanks, a professional hunter engaged by Tullio. I found myself asking two questions: (1) Why was Lynne Overman, so intensely amusing as an old Scotsman in a kilt, allowed to be out of the picture for quarters of an hour at a time? And (2) when are picture directors going to realize that in all films of Africa it is the natives who are of paramount interest, and that the whites do not take even second place, and that the whites do not take even second place, which is held by the animals. *Safari* ends with the nicest possible compromise. Since Hollywood could not know whether, when the film was showing, America would or would not enter the war, it gave the American hero the supremely non-committal line: "Everybody must make up his mind which side he is on in the struggle for liberty, whether he does anything about it or not!" Good for Hollywood!

J. A.



After the Hors-d'oeuvres . . . at the PARK LANE HOTEL

Dorothy Hyson

prefers Martini plain

Miss Dorothy Hyson is another convert to the meal-time fashion of having a glass of plain Dry Martini Vermouth after the Hors-d'oeuvres. Miss Hyson agrees that this delightful drink not only cleans the palate, thus adding to the enjoyment of the meal, but also stimulates the digestion with consequent benefits to health.

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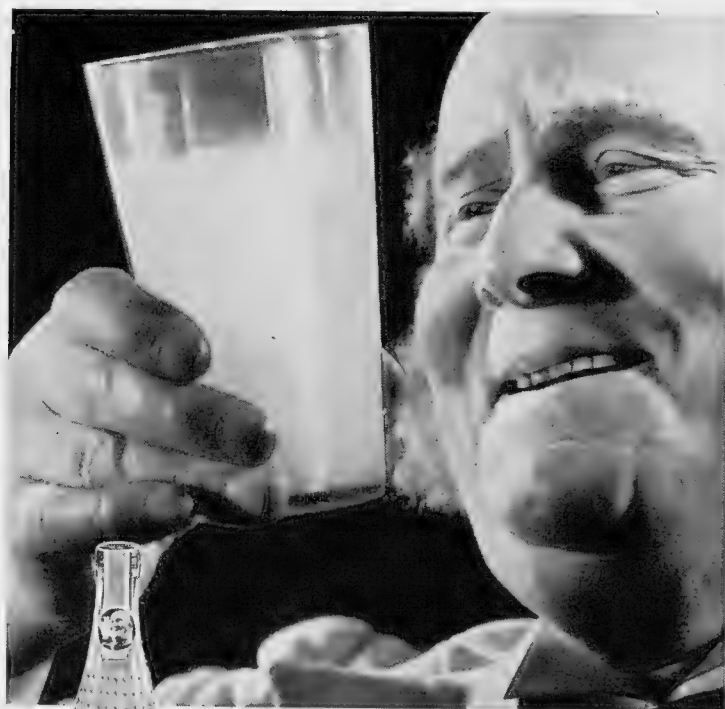
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LEEMING - HOLDSWORTH

The wedding took place recently at St. George's Church, Bickley, Kent, between Surgeon-Lieutenant John A. L. Leeming and Miss Jean Holdsworth, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. K. Holdsworth, of Bickley, Kent

THREE RECENT WEDDINGS



JENKINS - TOWELL

Another wedding which took place recently at St. Michael-at-the-North Gate, Oxford, between Squadron Leader the Rev. K. T. Jenkins, R.A.F., and Miss J. Towell, daughter of the late Mr. R. S. Towell and Mrs. Towell, Teddington



LINDER - BOWHILL

The marriage took place recently at Holy Trinity Church, Brompton, between Mr. P. M. Linder, R.A.S.C., and Miss Jean Mary Bowhill. The service was conducted by Canon Howarth of St. George's, Glasgow, assisted by the Rev. Brian Green

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STYLE
(Sweet)**3/9**FRENCH
STYLE
(Dry)**4/3**

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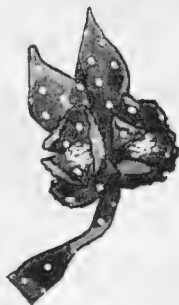
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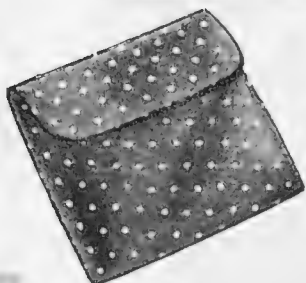
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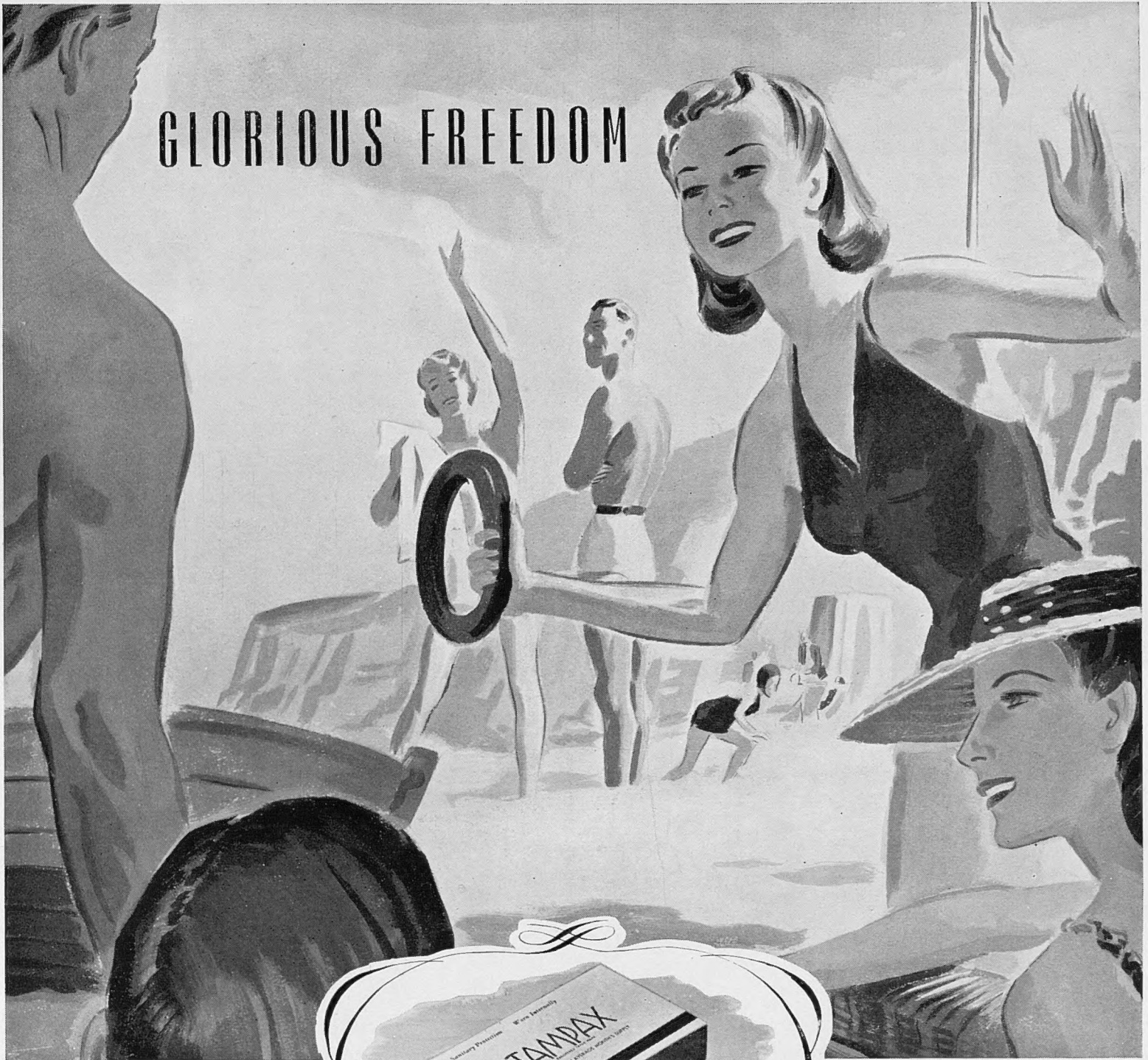
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